Saturday Night

NOV. 10TH 1956 TEN CENTS

Divided Canada: Country Without A Policy

BY J. H. STEWART REID

Why Our Scientists Cross The Border

BY W. GRIERSON-JACKSON

Ste. Anne de Beaupré Myth Or Miracle

BY HUGH GARNER

Canadian's Conquest Of New York Stage

BY HARRY RASKY

Alexander Bender

Robert Whitehead: Page 24

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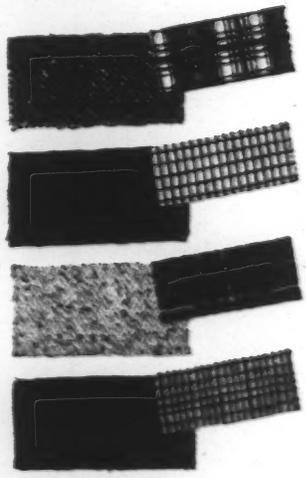

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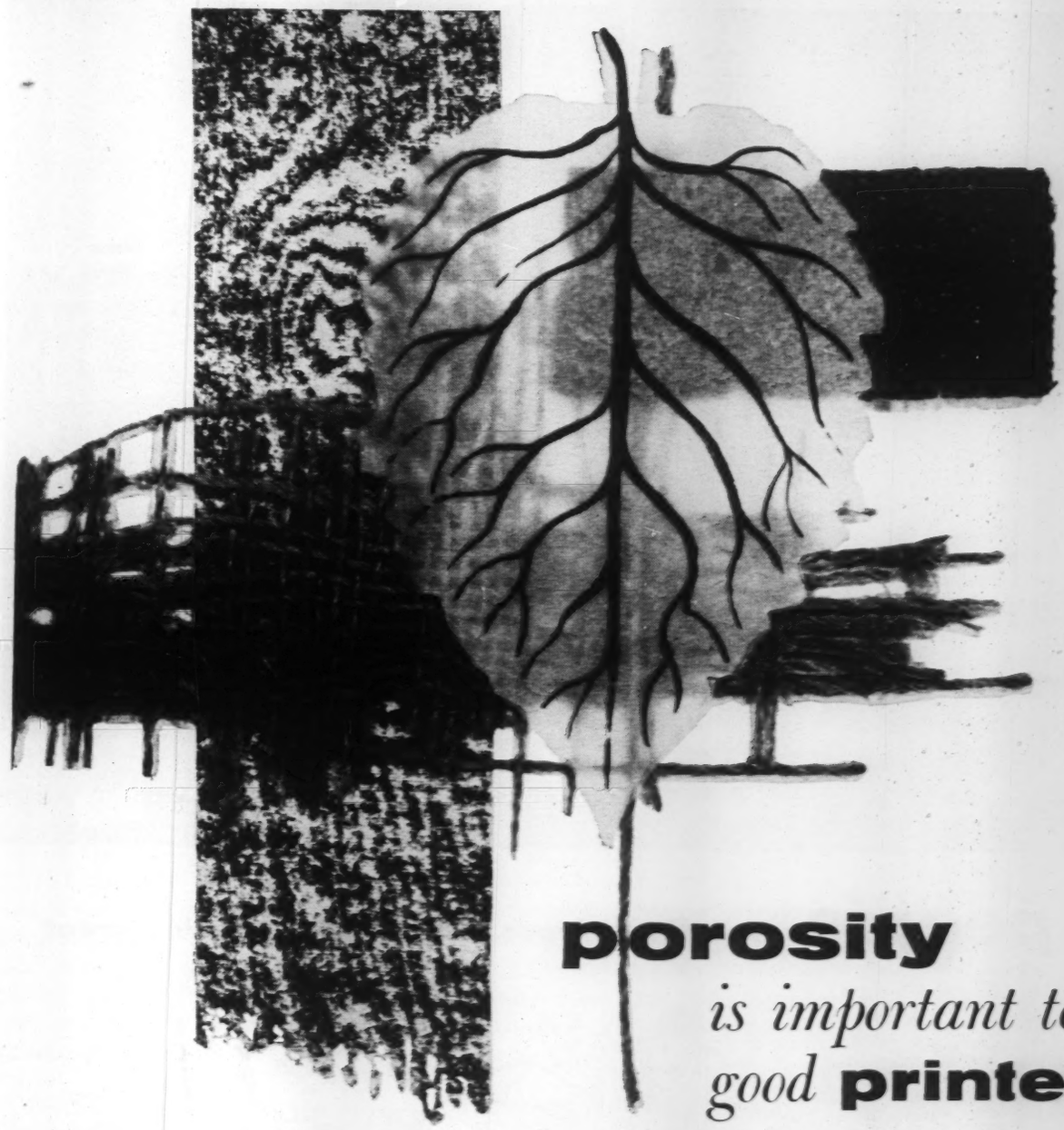

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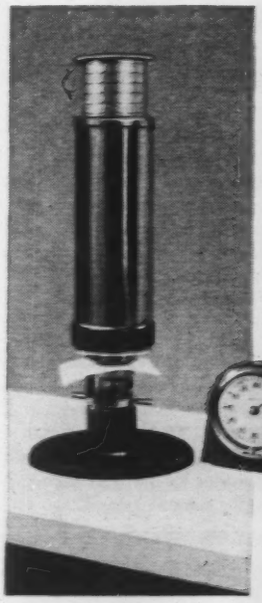

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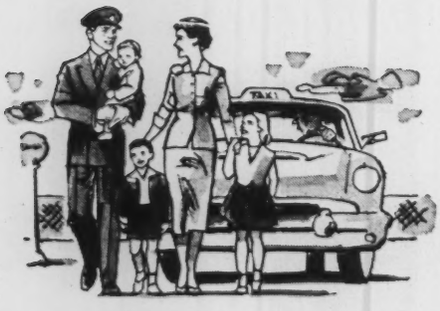

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TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

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THE FRONT PAGE

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- **Cracks in the Russian Empire**
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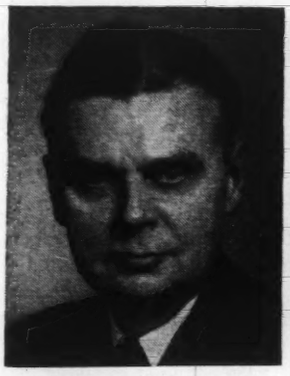
- **Independence and Self-Interest**



John Diefenbaker

Donald Fleming

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FOR TWO DECADES the political health of Canada has steadily deteriorated. The affliction has been the chronic weakness of the Opposition, a condition which has resulted in a progressive enfeeblement of Parliament, fatty degeneration of the Government and a growth of public apathy. It began with the disintegration of the Conservative party in 1935 and has persisted because of the Tory failure to make any appreciable recovery. A Conservative revival would quickly end the malady. A Conservative slump would leave the country with one big party, opposed only by splinter groups — virtually a state of political dissolution.

What happens to the Conservative party, then, concerns everyone who wants a vigorous Parliament and sound Government. It is an interest that over-rides party affiliation and political conviction. For this reason, the convention the Conservatives will hold next month to choose a new national leader is much more than a family affair for Tories. Even those who will never cast a vote for a Conservative candidate must pray that the delegates will not, through shortsightedness, foolish sentiment, narrow prejudice or mistaken loyalty, repeat their errors of the past twenty years.

Not all the troubles of the Conservatives since 1935 have been due to poor leadership. But the leaders must bear the main responsibility for failure to heal schisms, failure to win the undivided loyalty of people of conservative mind, and, most important, failure to give the party more reason for being than simply a hunger for office. If the party is to recover its health, the new leader must surely be one who can correct the errors of the past.

Sidney Smith
All the qualities.

Can he be found among the Conservative parliamentary group? There is no good reason to believe he can. There is every reason to believe that he *can* be found outside the group but within the party. The man stands out. He would have been the leader fourteen years ago, had he not stepped aside to let John Bracken take the job. He ought to have had it then, and he should have it now. He is Dr. Sidney Smith, President of the University of Toronto. The overwhelming arguments in his favor make him the single, logical choice. If he is reluctant, he should be drafted.

The three members of the Conservative parliamentary group most prominently in the contest for the leadership are John Diefenbaker, Donald Fleming and Davie Fulton. All three are able parliamentarians. They would probably make excellent cabinet ministers. But they are not leaders.

Mr. Diefenbaker has won a lot of newspaper support, principally because of his declarations in favor of guarantees of personal freedom. But there is nothing in his long and honorable career in politics to indicate that he is the man to step into George Drew's shoes. He has been a leader —of the Conservative party of Saskatchewan, from 1937 to 1940; it was not a success. He was not much of a help to Drew in building voting strength. He was rejected for the national leadership in 1949, and since then has done nothing to justify a reversal of that decision. Mr. Fleming is hard-working, conscientious and appallingly colorless; no one could imagine him leading a revival of any sort. Mr. Fulton is only 40 years of age, and may develop the qualities of leadership; but outside his own constituency of Kamloops, he has been of little help in building a Conservative organization in British Columbia, and he has been in the Commons now since 1945.

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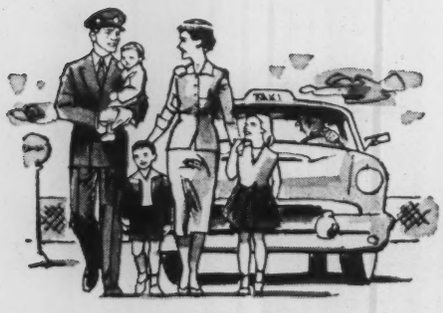

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Outside Quebec, Smith again appears as the best possible leader. He was born and educated in the Maritimes. He proved himself as a scholar and a lawyer at Dalhousie and Osgoode Hall. He revealed his tremendous ability as an administrator as President of the University of Manitoba, straightening out its affairs after it had suffered from years of bad administration. He took over leadership of Canada's largest university, the U. of T., at one of its most difficult times, when it was beset by post-war dislocations, and again he demonstrated his ability to organize, raise funds, win loyalty and respect from his staff and associates, and sell his product (in this case education) to all sorts of people in all walks of life. He has been doing a masterful job as an expert executive.

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Yeast in the East

MOST Westerners have little affection for Yugoslavia's ostentatious dictator Tito. His sins, by Western reckoning, have been many. But it cannot be denied that when the Russian empire in central and eastern Europe falls apart, the credit will be largely Tito's. His concept of "national Communism" has been the termite eating away the foundations of Soviet imperialism in Europe.

The West helped Tito to survive when the Russians sought to destroy him. Western statesmen forgot their moralizing long enough to be realistic, and Tito got help without strings attached. The West can help others who follow the road travelled by Tito, in the same way — aid without strings. The important thing now is the breaking of the Soviet grip on Middle Europe. The ideological qualms can come later.

Stalin saw the danger of the Tito doctrine when it was propounded eight years ago. It not only asserts that each nation should travel its own road to Communism, according to its own conditions and characteristics, but implies that each Communist state is truly sovereign—an equal of the Soviet Union and responsible for its own

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Now the voices are being heard again —strongly enough in Poland to bring back Gomulka from his prison to the Government. And the Polish defiance—encouraged by both Tito and the Chinese Communists—has started the yeast of nationalism working in the other European slave states. Of course, this is only a beginning. The Soviet empire has been weakened; it is far from being destroyed. The Poles have won a battle but have still to consolidate their victory—and it will not be easy. The Hungarians have given a bloody demonstration of how the Russians handle rebellious colonies. They may be eager to follow Tito, but lack his advantages.

For the West, it is a time for quiet diplomacy—not for pronouncements designed to make colorful headlines, but for a hard-headed appraisal of what can be done to bolster the Titoists. So what if they are only Communists of another stripe? An independent Communist state is better for the West than a Russian colony—and political independence can lead to many things other than Communism.

Familiarity

WITH an election campaign just completed in the United States and one about to begin in Canada, a good many people on both sides of the border are complaining about the increasing confusion of politics. Party policy has become largely a matter of exposing the enemy's dirty linen in public while snatching his clean washing off the line, until it's almost impossible to tell who owns what. Party labels and the names of leading candidates are still easy to identify, but the puzzled voter can only murmur apologetically that while the name is familiar he can't seem to remember the face.

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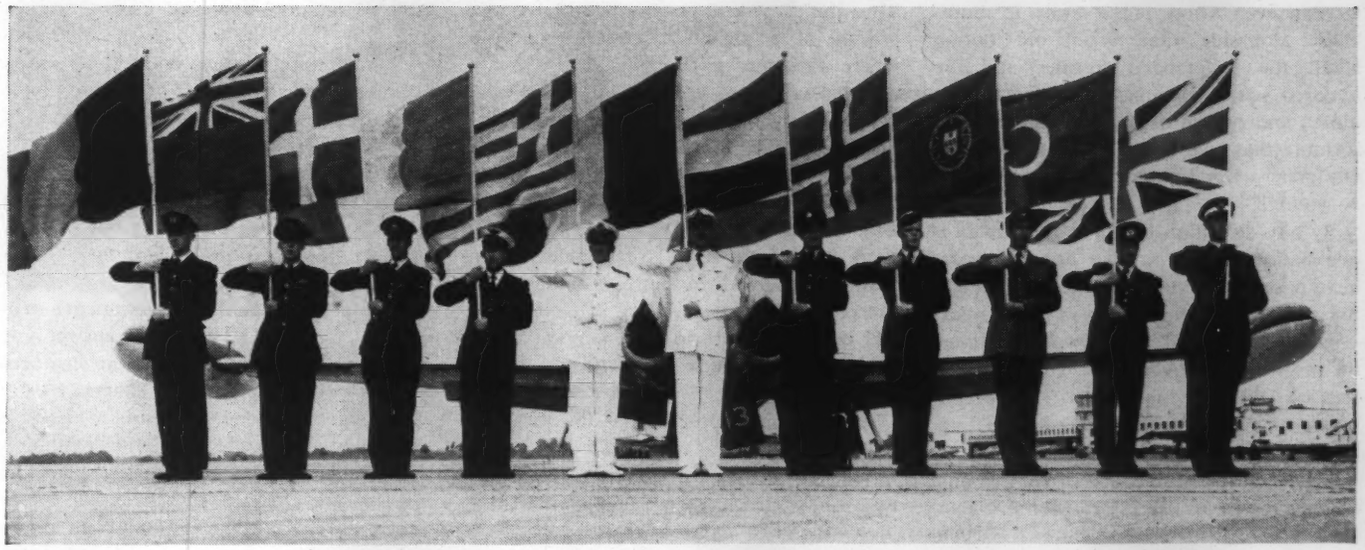

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Canada: Divided Nation Without A Policy

by J. H. Stewart Reid

Until our allies decide what to do our watchword is caution. When they make up their minds our slogan is "me too". Neither brings a nation to its feet behind a single banner.

DURING THEIR meetings in Montreal this year, a hundred or more members of what we rather self-consciously call the "Learned Societies of Canada" assembled in solemn session to hear and to take part in a discussion of "Canadianism". To most of us it was a very important subject; indeed, it seems clear that about the only thing Canadian intellectuals feel competent to discuss is themselves.

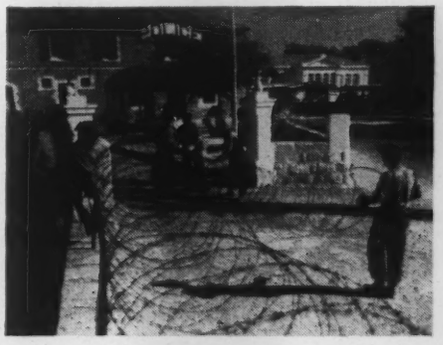
The discussion followed a well-worn path. The first speaker put forward the proposition that "the cardinal fact of Canadian history" is the existence in our country of not one but two races, the English-Canadian and the French-Canadian. Without hesitation we accepted this as a statement of our central Canadian problem, and with a chorus of shrill cries—refined, naturally, and of course bilingual—we all went haring off on the trail of a solution for it.

But what was it all about? Is the "cardinal" Canadian problem that of the two nations? In fact, is it a problem at all? And why all the concern about the differences between a Canadian and a *Canadien?* In our solemn preoccupation with the difficulties arising from the existence of two languages in one state are we not perhaps like a little boy sitting on the back step exploring with his tongue the tooth that gave him trouble yesterday? Perhaps, if we would only stop probing for a moment we might find that our tooth stopped aching a long time ago, and that it is really only the tongue that is bothering us now.

The simple truth is that many factors divide Canada—and not simply into two divisions, either. For political and administrative purposes there are ten units. Economics and geography divide our country into at least six. Language habits suggest that there are two main divisions, but there are "speech islands" everywhere in Canada. And differing racial inheritances and differing cultural backgrounds separate the people of our country into not two, but a hundred and two units.

Creston differs just as clearly from Victoria, Cardston from Lacombe, Gimli from Transcona, as does Montreal from Toronto. Yet for some reason we do not seem to worry about the Doukhobors, or the Mormons, or the Icelanders as threats to national unity. It cannot be a matter of simple population statistics, for such spectacles as the Caledonia Games and the Orangemen's parades are not only un-Canadian but also well-attended.

Perhaps the time has come to accept the fact that our two-nation problem is really not our worst one. Perhaps at long last



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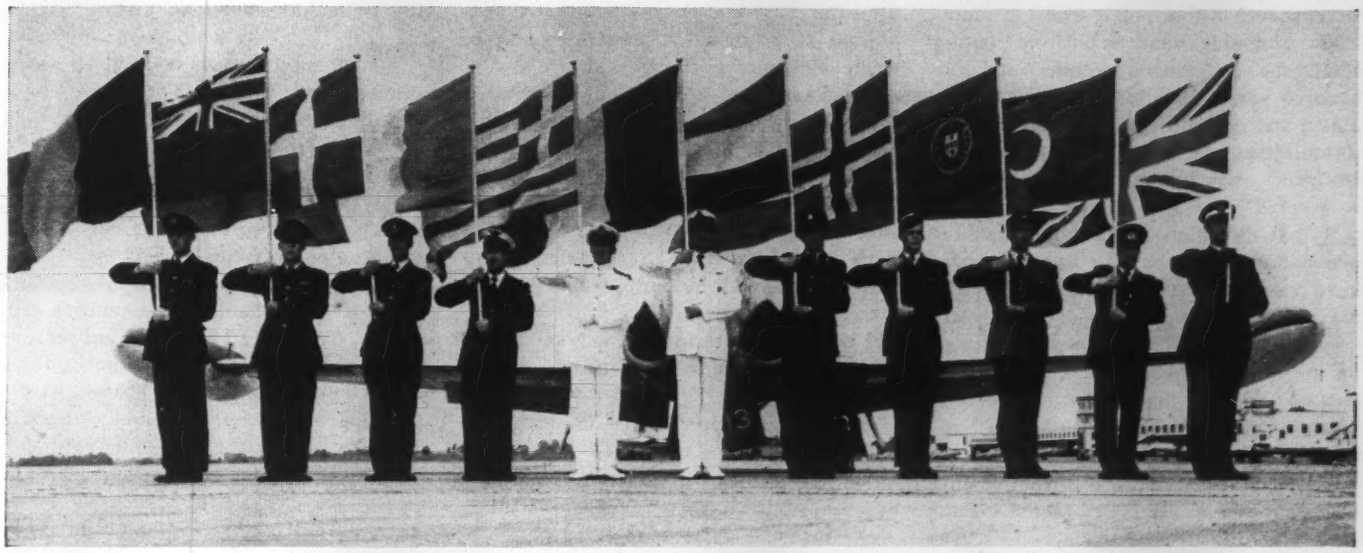

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DURING THEIR meetings in Montreal this year, a hundred or more members of what we rather self-consciously call the "Learned Societies of Canada" assembled in solemn session to hear and to take part in a discussion of "Canadianism". To most of us it was a very important subject; indeed, it seems clear that about the only thing Canadian intellectuals feel competent to discuss is themselves.

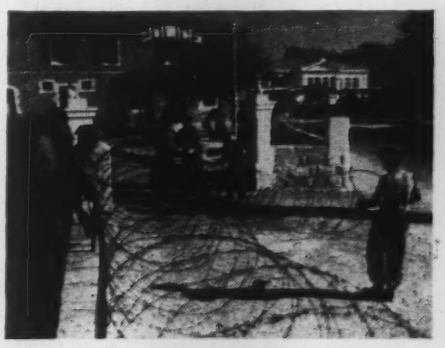
The discussion followed a well-worn path. The first speaker put forward the proposition that "the cardinal fact of Canadian history" is the existence in our country of not one but two races, the English-Canadian and the French-Canadian. Without hesitation we accepted this as a statement of our central Canadian problem, and with a chorus of shrill cries—refined, naturally, and of course bilingual—we all went haring off on the trail of a solution for it.

But what was it all about? Is the "cardinal" Canadian problem that of the two nations? In fact, is it a problem at all? And why all the concern about the differences between a Canadian and a *Canadien?* In our solemn preoccupation with the difficulties arising from the existence of two languages in one state are we not perhaps like a little boy sitting on the back step exploring with his tongue the tooth that gave him trouble yesterday? Perhaps, if we would only stop probing for a moment we might find that our tooth stopped aching a long time ago, and that it is really only the tongue that is bothering us now.

The simple truth is that many factors divide Canada—and not simply into two divisions, either. For political and administrative purposes there are ten units. Economics and geography divide our country into at least six. Language habits suggest that there are two main divisions, but there are "speech islands" everywhere in Canada. And differing racial inheritances and differing cultural backgrounds separate the people of our country into not two, but a hundred and two units.

Creston differs just as clearly from Victoria, Cardston from Lacombe, Gimli from Transcona, as does Montreal from Toronto. Yet for some reason we do not seem to worry about the Doukhobors, or the Mormons, or the Icelanders as threats to national unity. It cannot be a matter of simple population statistics, for such spectacles as the Caledonia Games and the Orangemen's parades are not only un-Canadian but also well-attended.

Perhaps the time has come to accept the fact that our two-nation problem is really not our worst one. Perhaps at long last



. . . on the future of troubled Cyprus

. . . on rising Asian nationalism.

we can even safely put it away in mothballs, alongside that other old notion about the undefended frontier and the hundred years of Canadian-American harmony, and on top of the one-time popular formula that "we haven't as yet developed any great art or literature, but then—we're *so* young!"

By any definition of the term Canada is one nation, not two. Two hundred years have passed since the conquest, and surely the cumulative importance of those years is greater than that of a few hectic hours on the Plains of Abraham. The "cardinal fact of Canadian history" is not the conquest, but the two centuries since it happened.

Not even the most vocal of the yes-men who surround Mr. Duplessis would suggest that the chances of setting up a French-Canadian republic are at this date very bright. In fact he probably would not even be attracted to the idea. French-speaking citizens live in a situation which not only recognizes that they differ in certain important ways from their English-speaking fellow-citizens, but even provides legal and constitutional guarantees that those differences will continue. And if some political magician should appear who by waving his wand could cause the differences to disappear and the guarantees to become unnecessary, he would be more hated in Quebec than in Ontario.

Indeed he probably would not be welcome anywhere, for the truth is that we would all be unhappy if we ever really solved our two-nation problem. We would lose not only our chief tourist attraction but our favorite subject of conversation as well. And we would have, heaven help us, nothing left to mark us off as being really different from Americans. Instead of the two-nation character of Canada being our "cardinal" worry, it really is our most prized possession.

Now if we could only persuade ourselves to stop talking for a moment about a problem that really is not there, there is at least a faint chance that we might be able to give some time to problems that really are there, and that really need attention.

We might for example, take a long-overdue second look at our constitution and begin to consider doing something about those delightful ambiguities as to jurisdiction which make it possible for governments—federal, provincial and municipal — to evade responsibilities that surely belong somewhere.

Another Canadian problem also deserves attention. It is the growing difference in economic circumstances between the separate divisions of the country. Between British Columbia and the Maritimes, for example, there are not only thousands of miles of distance, but billions of dollars in natural wealth as well. Thus the provincial government of BC can preside at a gigantic free-lunch counter where fabulous gifts of what are really national resources are handed out to corporations, while the provincial governments of the Maritime Provinces face what is almost a condition of bankruptcy. Now I happen to live almost exactly midway between the two, and some two thousand miles from both. Nevertheless I am vitally concerned in both situations, for the resources that are being squandered in BC belong in part to me, and the bankruptcy that threatens the Maritimes threatens me as well.

If we could simply accept the fact that our country has a somewhat odd — although by no means unique — national appearance, and if we could stop fussing about it, we might even turn to the task of developing its resources.

We began our national existence by asking British financiers to build our railways; at present we are being properly grateful to Texans for building us a pipeline. Just once in the years between did a Canadian government look as if it might do something on its own and about its own. That was on the occasion when Ottawa boldly announced its intention to proceed alone—if it was really necessary—with the building of the St. Lawrence Seaway. What a heady wine we sampled then, and what a lovely lift it gave us. And how short-lived.

Labor Pains

If we could only stop examining the question of Canadian nationhood — what it is, and if it is — we might at last realize that our real problem is not a national one at all. Slowly and with many labor pains, a new world order is being born, and our country is one of the midwives. She is a very shy and retiring midwife to be sure, and one that has been singularly reluctant to do much more than hold the basin, but present just the same.

It is really none of our doing, but Canada has come to enjoy a rather special place among the states in the present international order. We do not possess enough power to threaten anyone so we are feared and distrusted automatically by none. We have never committed aggression against another state, so we have no record to damn us. In fact, on the level of international affairs Canada has never done much of anything at all, and so we have no mistakes to live down. "No hits, no runs, no errors," is our record to date.

Partly for this reason, then, at the present moment a magnificent opportunity faces Canada. She could, if she would, play a vitally important role in world affairs. It is more than an opportunity; it is a duty that with enthusiasm, initiative and imagination Canada could quite easily assume. These qualities, of course, have never been the marks of Canadian foreign policy. Far from it.

Not long ago, I sat with a group of young Turkish airmen training in Canada under NATO auspices, during one of their current affairs sessions. All of them wanted to know the answer to one question, "What is the Canadian government's policy on Cyprus?" The only answer, of course, was that the Canadian government has no policy on Cyprus. That is hardly a unique case. Our government has no known policy on the Commonwealth, towards Asian nationalism, towards NATO, towards the UN. In fact, the world situation simply bristles with important issues on which we have taken no official stand.

J. B. Priestley summed up his impressions of Canada in a recent magazine piece. The country, he said, seemed to be "a huge, sad land, out of which everything could come except high spirits." And the Canadians he met "were worried about themselves . . . They were wondering if they were not too cautious, and yet had steeled themselves against being incautious." If that was his impression of the people he met in Calgary, or Edmonton for example, what would have been his feelings if he had had to spend a little while in official circles in Ottawa!

Perhaps the most important fact about Canadian nationhood is that it was finally won just at that moment in world history when national independence ceased to be very important. For most of us the chief goal had already become the winning of security in a world anarchy. Perhaps that is why as a nation we are almost apologetic about our own existence.

Up to the present our national policy towards other states has shown two qualities only. Until our allies decide what to do, our watchword is "caution", and our statements mere fatuous gobbledegook. As soon as they make up their minds our slogan becomes "me, too!" Neither one is the kind of action that brings a nation to its spiritual feet to march behind a single banner.

Perhaps, of course, we are better off without a purpose and without a policy. It may even be good business to be so sterile. But some of us are convinced that a Canadian party with imagination enough and spirit enough to suggest an alternative, that will call for Canada to be a leader, not a follower in international politics, would capture the energies of this nation as no party has done since 1867. And it would matter not a whit whether the leaders of that party were Smiths or Lalondes or whether they came from Quebec or Ontario. Its followers would be Canadians all.

The Agony of Poland

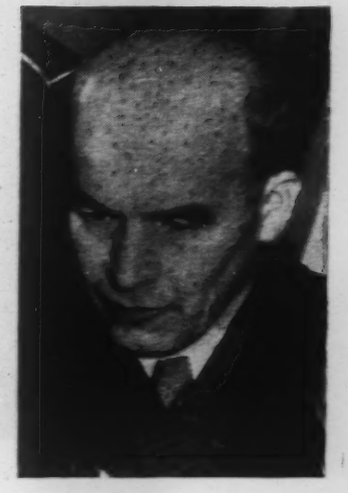
Poland's "dark night of barbarism" began when German troops attacked on Sept. 1, 1939. Russians swarmed in from the East.

Two years later, Hitler invaded Russia, took all Poland, herded the people into concentration camps, labor units. Then the Nazis retreated.

Poles fought Germans in the rubble of Warsaw, but the nearby Russians, under Marshal Rokossovsky, refused to help, stood by as Poles died.

The Russians set up a puppet government and soon were trying to indoctrinate Polish youth. The Poles had to submit. They watched, waited.

In June, workers in Poznan could wait no more. They rioted. But trial of ringleaders (below) showed the force of hunger for independence.



W. Gomulka, purged by Stalin for "Titoism", was let out of jail. His aim: to lead Poland to "national" Communism, free of Soviet control. Russian boss in Poland, Rokossovsky, was dismissed from the Politburo. Russia threatened to use force to subdue the Poles but apparently feared the effects in other colonies.

Housing shortage drives many away.

Why Our Scientists Cross the Border

by W. Grierson-Jackson

It is trite but true to say that no overall incentive has ever been found that will adequately substitute for money. The migration could easily be changed from south to north.

TO A CANADIAN scientist working in the United States, reports about the shortage of scientists in Canada make curious reading.

Before me is a press account of a speech made by H. Leverne William of Polymer Corporation Ltd. to a group of Canadian (and ex-Canadian) chemists at the annual meeting of the American Chemical Society. Mr. William pointed out that, in recent years, Canada has been importing some 8,000 professionally trained European immigrants per year. This supply is expected to shrink to 5,000 this year and dry up entirely by 1960. Meanwhile, Canadian universities graduate only a few score chemists per year, many of whom cross to the U.S. This account ends: "Most Canadians living and working in the U.S. would like to return to their homeland, all things being equal. All things are not equal, though, and the southward migration of technical men continues."

Never having seen anything in print about this migration from the "worm's eye view", I'm presenting an admittedly personal picture together with some suggestions as to what can be done to improve Canada's position in this regard.

After the war I taught an enormous biology class that called for a staff of no less than thirty part-time student assistants. The Lord only knows how many bright students were trapped into advanced degrees in biology merely because, as senior students, they could pick up 75¢ per hour assisting in my laboratory. The obvious next step was to get a graduate assistantship that would carry them to their Master's or Doctor's degrees. After that they were caught in the system. I will cite the case of only one, a rugged ex-Navy man who, faced with the choice of getting 75¢ an hour washing dishes in a local café or the same pay for helping to instruct in my laboratory, took the bait of science. He went on to an advanced degree in animal physiology. Not very long ago he wrote me from an American university. I wrote back bemoaning the fact that yet another bright young brain was lost to Canada. He answered, "C'est la bloody vie, chum. C'est la bloody vie."

Picture a youngster just reaching his Bachelor's degree contemplating, on the one hand, the prospects of leaving the pleasant familiar environment of the university, and on the other hand the advice of a very much respected professor telling

How many employers would ever consider hiring an ex-research worker for an administrative position?

him that his talents are wasted selling fertilizer or writing advertising. He's told his "first class brain should be devoted to science"—and an assistantship is available to go on for a research degree. That youngster needs to be a lot harder headed than I, or most of my kind ever were, before he says: "The hell with dedication—what are the cash returns?". But when the years pass and he has a wife and children and doctor's bills, rent or mortgage, clothing bills, insurance payments, car payments, furniture payments, then it will be too late to change his mind.

That is no idle phrase. Once one has an advanced degree in science and some research experience, it is almost impossible to change one's field. This will undoubtedly be read by many employers and representatives of management generally and I doubt that one per cent of you would ever consider hiring an ex-research worker for an administrative position, regardless of his capabilities.

So far, this has dealt principally with generalities, with little direct application to the specific position of the Canadian scientist who leaves Canada for the U.S. Let us now examine his position more closely. Please bear in mind that I am referring principally to Ph.D's. in science, who have not less than seven years at a university. This is training equivalent in time and effort (but not necessarily expense) to that of the M.D., who feels very badly dealt with if his income is much less than $10,000 per annum.

I think my own experience makes a reasonably typical case history. In 1945 I had a Master's degree in plant physiology and taught general biology at one of Canada's largest universities. I then had six and one half years of university training, followed by five years in the RCAF. My starting salary as an assistant professor was $2,-800 a year and never rose higher than $3,300. In 1949 I took two years leave of absence to take my doctorate. To finance this we invested my DVA credits, my wartime savings and the proceeds of the sale of our car and most of our furniture.

In 1951 I had my third degree, the right to call myself "doctor" and my old job back, at $3,300—no car, no furniture, no savings, 1,500 miles from home and no increase in salary.

This is a reasonably typical pattern. Of the little group of us in that same biology department, I know of five Ph.D's. in zoology, animal physiology and plant physiology who reached their degrees with no job prospects at all in Canada in their own fields. Those five now are all in the USA. But my wife and I decided to stick with Canada for purely patriotic reasons and I accepted a position with the Department of National Defence as a civilian scientist working on rations. This

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was a long way from my specialty, but it paid $4,900 in Toronto.

In a recent SATURDAY NIGHT editorial there was this passage: "James Duncan had told the gathering about what he had found in Russia—a powerful and almost awesome urge to learn, supported by a tough and productive school system".

I will say nothing of my opinion of what the late John Dewey has done to North American schooling. Instead I will merely suggest that the "almost awesome urge to learn" is very largely concerned with the fact that, socially and financially, the position of the scientist in Russia is that of a member of the elite. If Canada ever put the scientist in the same relative position that he enjoys in Russia, the migration of scientific personnel across the border would be north not south.

In my own case, it was the housing shortage that drove us from Canada. Far from being a member of the elite, the research worker is often penalized financially. That it is unintentional may be true, but it is also indubitable and unintelligent. The Department of Veterans' Affairs made the granting of educational aid, or of loans for home buying, alternate not independent benefits, as was done in the USA. For veterans taking one degree, that was harsh but not crippling. For research workers taking advanced degrees, it was often ruinous.

No savings, no down payment, no home —it was as simple as that, especially in Toronto in 1951. But my colleagues and I were working for the armed forces and were within the Department of National Defence, and in 1951 the government was sponsoring special home loans for certain industrial workers in critical areas. We took the matter up with the authorities, arguing that we were indubitably "war workers". The appropriate official at Ottawa was phoned through the inevitable "correct channels". I was standing six feet from that telephone, but I still heard the bellow of raucous laughter that greeted the impudent idea that the scientists who worked for the Department of National Defence rated as "war workers". It was shortly after that that I accepted an offer (at exactly the salary I was then receiving) to work in my own specialty in the United States.

So much for the story of one expatriate Canadian scientist. What can be done to prevent the future repeating the mistakes of the past?

First and foremost, let the affected industries and the federal and provincial governments contemplate the moderate expenditures needed to steer students into the specialties for which there will be a demand in Canada. Does Canadian industry want a future supply of physicists and mathematicians, chemists and geologists? Then let it be arranged that any bright student get the chance of some minor award at the high school level followed by a scholarship (and perhaps later an undergraduate assistantship) at the college entrance level. Lastly, let there be readily available graduate fellowships, assistantships and bursaries in those sciences in which Canada can guarantee appropriate and remunerative employment to holders of advanced science degrees.

May I be so worldly as to stress that word "remunerative"? It is trite but true to say that no over-all incentive has been found that will adequately substitute for money. I wonder if responsible officials ever realize how small is the financial reward for the long years of arduous training necessary for research qualifications.

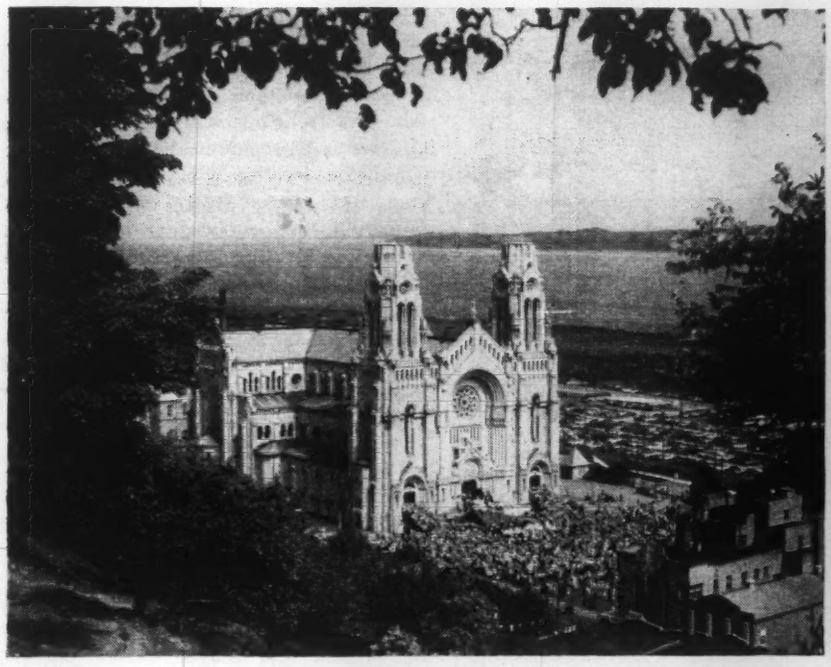
Perhaps the most brilliant mind I have encountered amongst my personal colleagues was a young plant physiologist. In 1940 we parted company. I took my Master's degree and joined the RCAF. He stayed on to finish his Ph.D. On my return from overseas I looked him up in Ottawa. He gave me a glowing account of how well life had treated him. He had accepted a position with the National Research Council and was in charge of his own laboratory. His research had turned out better than he dared hope. In particular, a method he had developed for making a type of antifreeze from surplus grain had been received with well deserved acclaim. At the end of this account his face clouded and he commented, "Of course, I am still not paid as much as the carpenter and the plumber in our building". Don't look for him in Ottawa today. He, too, is in the United States.

One last suggestion. Mr. William was right. Most of us expatriate Canadian scientists would return with alacrity if we could find any sort of rewarding opportunity. But we have wives, children, debts and expenses, and patriotism alone is not enough. I have made three trips to Canada in four years looking into job prospects, with no results at all. Could not the federal government (or better still some nation-wide industrial association) maintain a clearing house that any scientific personnel leaving Canada reluctantly, or wishing to return, could consult? This office would operate not only on the principle of trying to find scientific positions in exact categories. In addition, it would try to place these men in positions for which their brains and abilities might suit them, disregarding such handicaps as doctorates in endocrinology, entomology, cryptogamic botany or pomology!

Dr. Grierson-Jackson is with the University of Florida's Agricultural Experiment Stations.

Ste. Anne de Beaupré: Myth or Miracle?

by Hugh Garner



Left, the still-uncompleted basilica which can hold 10,000 people, right, the miraculous, life-size statue and below, where the shrine is located.

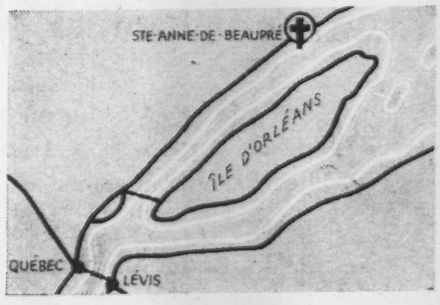
"We believe", the priest said, "that enough miraculous cures (on medical testimony) have occurred here that to believe otherwise would be not only sacrilegious but silly."

THERE ARE FOUR main routes from Quebec City to Canada's Lourdes, the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. If you are driving, you can take the highroad, a 26-mile winding two-lane highway that skirts the foothills of the Laurentians, and doesn't miss a village on the way. For those who want to see the Quebec countryside relatively unspoiled, this is the best way. Then there are daily trips by excursion steamer, along the coastline of the Isle d'Orléans. A new modern highway, four lanes and four hundred motels long, will also get you there quickly, if you are impatient. The fourth way is the way I went, by old-fashioned electric radial car, along a line built by the Quebec Light and Power Commission, but now run by the CNR. The radial trip is 22 miles long, takes an hour, and costs $1.15 return.

It was a cool, autumn Saturday afternoon. The radial car was filled with homeward-bound workers and shoppers, who dropped off at little flag stations all along the way. Tourists or pilgrims didn't total ten in all.

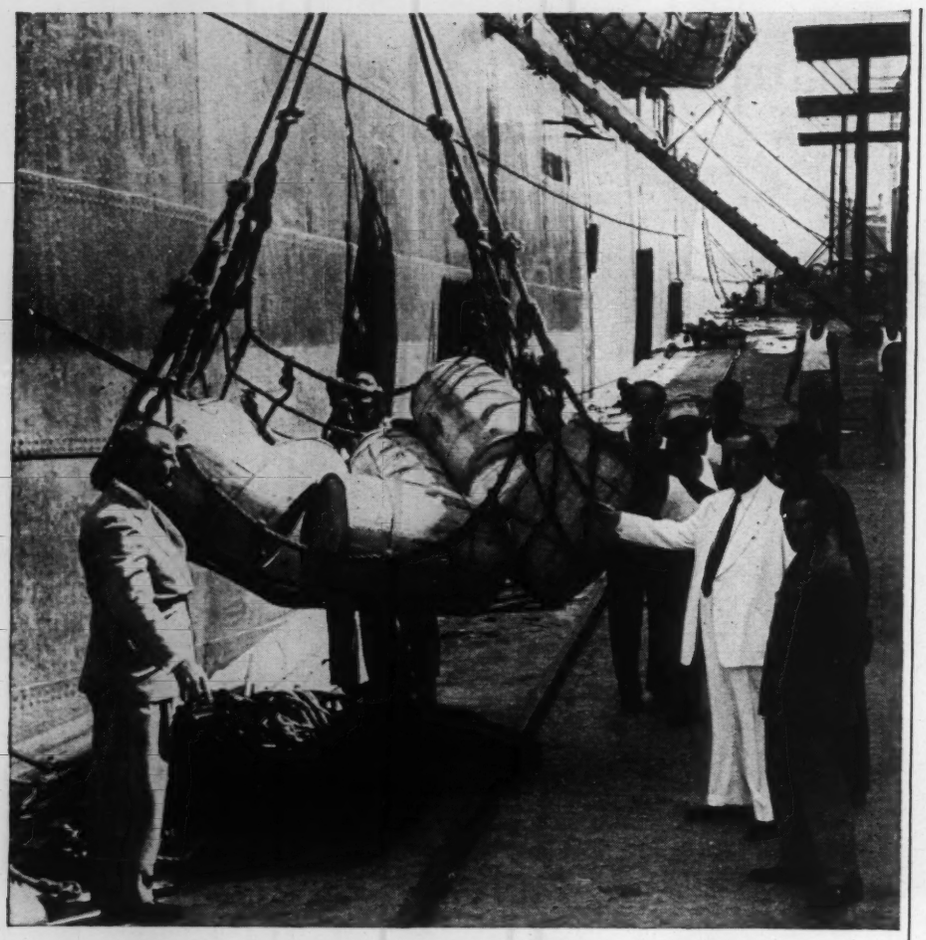
I had heard a great deal about the commercialism of the shrine to Ste. Anne, and nothing I had seen since leaving Quebec City had dispelled that idea. The broad new highway parallels the railway line along its length, and contains some of the most elaborate motels east of Las Vegas. Unlike the tourist attractions in the city itself, these establishments had English names, as though their promoters were aware that it would be the Americans and English-speaking Canadians who would rather travel a highway similar to the one at home than the more picturesque one along the heights above the river.

Ste. Anne de Beaupré in its English translation means "of the beautiful meadow", but Beaupré has sacrificed the meadow to a parking lot that holds 1,000 cars. The stone railway station is the largest on the line, about the size of the CNR station in Oshawa, Ont. or Moncton, N.B. Immediately beyond the station is the basilica of Ste. Anne, facing across a wide courtyard towards the hospital, where the bedridden pilgrims are housed.



Attached to, but beyond the basilica is the monastery of the Redemptorist Fathers, who administer the shrine. Beyond the monastery is a seminary, with 70 pupils in attendance.

The narrow main street of the village snakes its way along the foot of the steep hills which mark the westerly meeting of the Laurentians with the St. Lawrence River. Where this road passes between the hillsides and the north wall of the basilica it loses its commercialism and is flanked on the other side by the original shrine, dating from 1662 and containing the original pews and wooden fittings. Along the hill to the rear of this are the Stations of the Cross, life size, in bronze. Next to the original shrine is the Scala Santa, containing on its upper floor a replica of the Holy Stairs (now



Royal Bank Manager in Havana* watches unloading of imports from Canada

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kept in Rome) ascended by Jesus Christ during His Passion. These 28 steps must be ascended only on the knees.

I have named these various buildings together, for they constitute the various parts of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, under the Redemptorists, and one might say, under the jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic Church. There is no admission charged to any part of the shrine itself, and there is absolutely no pressure, real or implied, physical or psychological, to have one pay money to visit any religious edifice. The tracts, booklets and brochures that are available within the basilica itself may be taken from their racks freely, and the only intimation that a donation may be left in return for them are wooden alms boxes hanging beneath.

I have stated this at some length because there is so much misinformation on the subject; many people seem to believe that Ste. Anne's is run on strict religio-commercial lines. It is not.

The commercialism, and it is vulgar commercialism at that, begins at the very edge of church property, runs on both sides of the main street for a quarter of a mile, and spills out into the narrow side streets. The village is a garish midway dedicated to separating the pilgrim and tourist alike from his money. Hot-dog stands, lunch counters, souvenir shops, fly-bitten hotels, their windows filled with gew-gaws, rosaries, "Chien Chaud" signs, postcards, key-rings, and every other commodity of the huckster's trade, assail the senses as one walks through the village. It is this facet of Ste. Anne de Beaupré that has given rise to the charges of side-show commercialism. But all of it takes place outside Church property.

The one really big sideshow, and one which many visitors mistakenly think is part of the shrine, is the Cyclorama, a large circular wooden building to the south of the railroad tracks. For a 25c admission fee one is privileged to climb some steep wooden stairs to a circular platform, from which one can look at a representation of the city of Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion. This scene, in natural perspective, consists of a large painting circling the wall, which is made more lifelike by the addition at its base of built-up hills covered with real earth and sand, and bearing wooden figures. Unfortunately, these relief sections of the attraction are becoming a little shop-worn; in spots, the wood and canvas framework is showing through. On the viewing platform — which is separated from the painting by about 15 feet of space — binoculars may be rented "to see the figures on the city walls". The Cyclorama must have been big stuff to the pilgrims of thirty or forty years ago.

The basilica of Ste. Anne de Beaupré

's a reverent piece of architecture, still not completed following the burning down of its predecessor in 1922. With an interior of white Indiana limestone, topped with mosaics of religious scenes, the beautiful building is 375 feet long, counting the sacristy, and 200 feet wide at the transept; it can seat 2,000 persons, with standing room for 8,000 more in the transept and in the large ambulatories. Along both sides are long lines of confessionals, with signs on the doors "English", "French" or a combination of the two.

Last year, 1,800,000 visitors and pilgrims went to Ste. Anne's, and 1956 will top this figure handily. Besides the 1955 visitors who went to the shrine by boat, bus and train, were those who drove 330,000 automobiles. To meet the expected millions who will visit the shrine in 1958 for its tercentenary, the parking lot is to be doubled, and some of the village restaurants are enlarging their accommodations.

The thing that first strikes the eye on entering the cathedral are two wide pillars inside the door, both festooned with hanging crutches, trusses and braces of various kinds. Each of these is tagged with the name of the former owner, his or her complaint, and the date of the miracle which allowed them to be discarded.

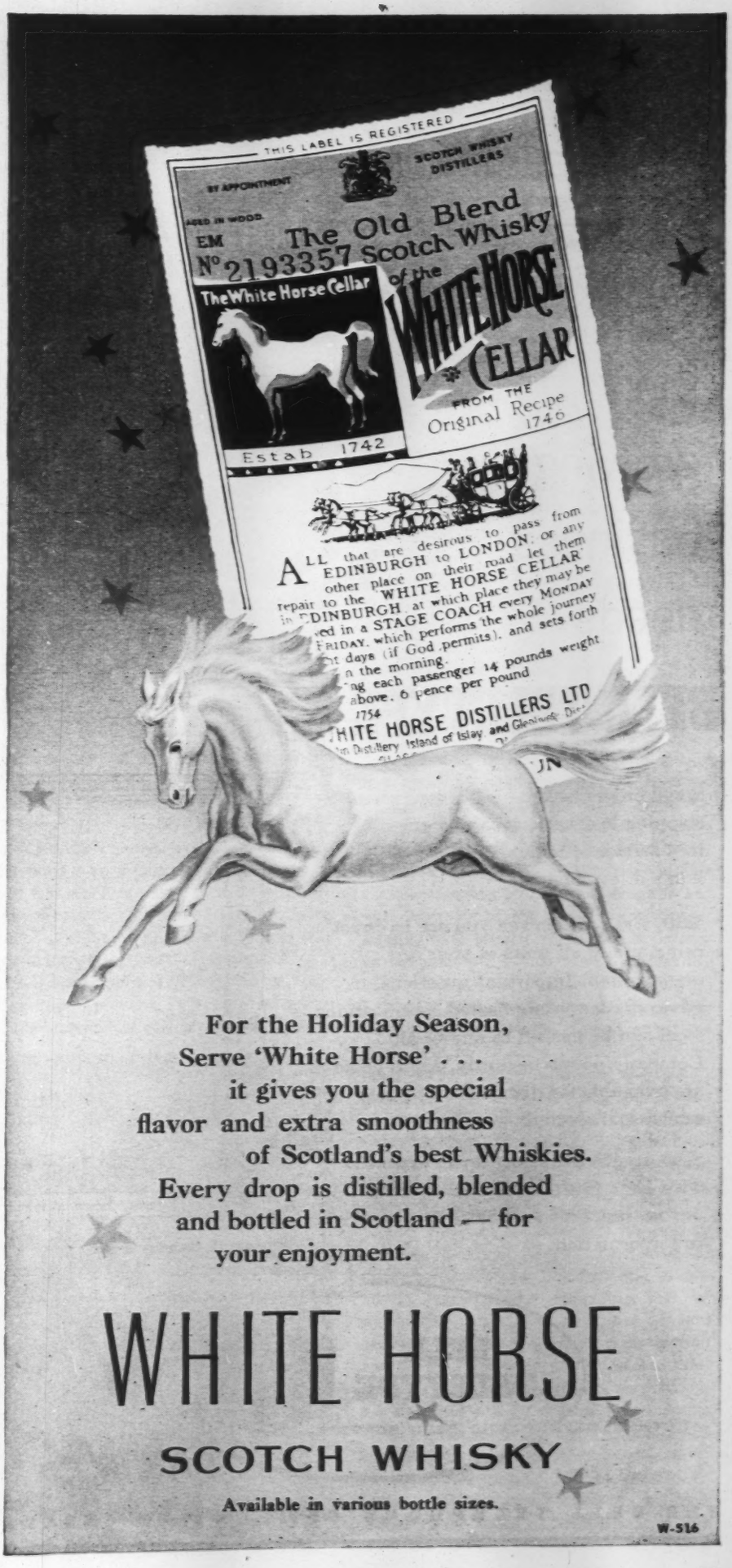
Above average height and thin, Father Lefebvre is director of pilgrimages to the shrine. He speaks in a low, disciplined voice. I told him that I was a Protestant, and a sceptic.

"In a way we too are sceptical," he said. "We believe, however, that enough miraculous cures have occurred here, which are supported by medical testimony, that to believe otherwise would be not only sacrilegious but silly. You know, the prime necessity is Belief. Some people may call the cures psychological, and perhaps some of them have been, but strangely enough many people have come here with the intention of praying for themselves, have seen others in a far worse state, and have prayed for them instead. They have been cured. Another argument against it being self-applied psychology is that many parents have come here and prayed for their children, who were too young to be psychologically or religiously moved, and their children have been cured.

"We believe that those who have a genuine belief in the magic powers of prayer, and in the intercession of the saints, and are not motivated wholly by selfish interests, can reach God through their prayers, and be cured of their ailments."

"What system is used to authenticate cures, Father?" I asked.

"None, by us. At Lourdes, in France, there is a staff of physicians who examine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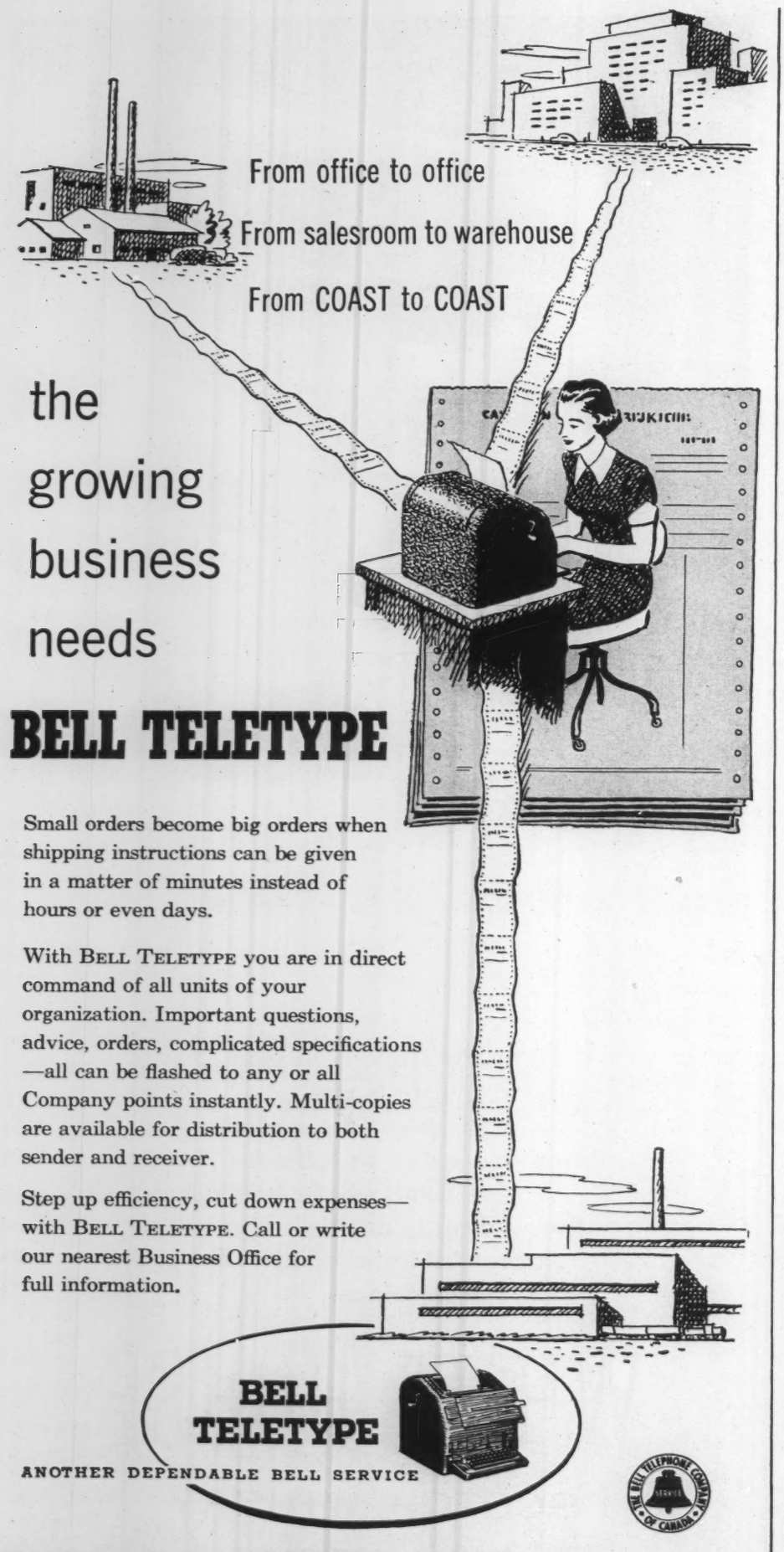

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those who are cured. Here we merely refer them to their own treating doctors. If a cure has taken place, both the former patient and his doctors usually write and tell us so."

Father Lefebvre took me on a tour of the basilica, showing me the carved stone work, the mosaics, the altar, and finally the miraculous statue (a wooden life-size figure) beneath which were more crutches and braces. Behind the statue is Ste. Anne's Chapel in which rests the famous relic, the wrist bone of the saint.

Ste. Anne, the mother of Mary and Christ's grandmother, is the patron saint of the Province of Quebec. Although not mentioned in the New Testament, her life, her desire for a child, and her vow to consecrate it to the Temple, are to be found in the apocryphal gospels. Many artists, such as Van Dyck, da Vinci, Romano, Ferrari and others have pictured Ste. Anne. The first chapel at Beaupré was built in 1658 by a few Breton sailors who landed there from a shipwreck, tradition has it, by the intervention of Ste. Anne.

Since 1667, several books listing the individual cures at the shrine have been written, and in 1951 Father Eugene Lefebvre, C. Ss. R., my guide, wrote a book, *Land of Miracles,* which lists the outstanding cures since 1927.

In the preliminary chapter of his book, Father Lefebvre says, "We know . . . that it is through Saint Anne that the marvels of Beaupré are accomplished, including miracles of soul and body, the former immeasurably greater than the others . . . It is undeniable that what urges the greater number of pilgrims to come to the Shrine is the attraction exercised by miracles or miraculous cures . . . Saint Anne has not imposed her reputation as the wonder-worker of Beaupré on popular naivety . . . It is impossible to dupe a whole people for three centuries, nor make it take shadows for realities, nor claim miracles in the presence of invalids who remain sick. . ."

Father Lefebvre's book lists 39 persons who have been cured following a visit to Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and gives their addresses, the names of their clergymen and the names of their physician, plus their own stories of the miracles and the testimony of their doctors. I am neutral on the question, but for those who are partisans one way or the other I would suggest they write to the shrine for a copy of the book, and make their own personal investigations with the people who have claimed a cure.

After showing me around, Father Lefebvre turned to a crowd of people waiting near the miraculous statue. I had found him an excellent guide, a pleasant man, and an intelligent interpreter of things that I still cannot wholly believe.

A spawning of housing schemes; new town in Fifeshire.

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

Ten Years of Social Revolution

by John A. Stevenson

A SCOT REVISITING his native land after an interval of nearly 10 years is at once impressed by two things: the efficiency of Scottish farming, coupled with the general tidiness of the countryside, and the marked improvement of social conditions in the urban areas. Too large a proportion of the population is still packed into the central area of the country which is still disfigured by the scars left by the mismanagement of the Industrial Revolution, but thanks to higher wages and better means of transportation its inhabitants can nowadays escape at intervals into some of the loveliest scenery in the world.

There are still malodorous slums in all the large cities and even in some of the smaller towns but they are gradually being obliterated. There has been a great spawning of new housing schemes; in Lanarkshire and in Fifeshire two sizeable new towns have been created. Social workers refute the charge that the morale of a family is not improved by its transfer from a slum to a new modern house and say that most of the families transferred take pride in their new homes. The hardships entailed for the mass of the workers in the old days from unemployment and sickness have been almost wiped out by the most complete system of social security in the world, for which both the Labor and Conservative parties can claim credit. The National Health Service is now an integral part of the social structure and is very popular with the mass of the people.

In Scotland, the aristocracy and the landed gentry have been the worst sufferers from the social revolution which has occurred. Most of them have given up their large houses and are living in modest homes, but the best of them are accepting their changed role in good spirit and acting as public spirited leaders of their communities. They also do not harp upon the thesis that the workers are being spoiled by the welfare state in the way that many of the middle classes do.

In Scottish politics, a state of comparative torpor prevails. It is ascribed partly to the absence of sharply divisive issues and partly to the dearth of outstanding political figures.

Lord Boyd-Orr: A disability of rank.

Between 1850 and 1930 Scotland supplied Britain with no fewer than seven Prime Ministers and she had in every Parliament a goodly contingent of other representatives of first rate calibre. But today only a few of the Scottish members cut any great figure at Westminster and there has been a sad decline in Scottish influence in shaping the policies of the United Kingdom.

On the Tory side high hopes are pinned on the future of a Highlander, Ian Macleod, who, having made a very good record as Minister of Health, is now trying as Minister of Labor to maintain the reputation that he is the best of the younger members of the Eden Ministry. But by far the ablest of the Scottish Tory members is Sir Robert Boothby. A first-rate parliamentarian and expert broadcaster, he is, however, in great disfavor with his leaders. Since he is barred from office, he has become a political maverick. Walter Elliot, who was in more than one Tory Cabinet before World War II and was regarded a potential leader of his party, has now relapsed into the role of a dignified elder statesman without any office.

In the Labor camp, the ablest spokesman of the Socialist creed is a former Minister, John Strachey, who sits for Dundee, but since he is an Englishman, his influence upon public opinion in Scotland is negligible. Perhaps the most influential Scottish Leftist is Lord Boyd-Orr, who made a world-wide reputation as an expert on problems of food and nutrition and is a tireless campaigner for social reforms and improvements of the present structure of international organizations. But he is now an old man and suffers from the disability of a peerage. In the ranks of the Scottish Laborites there is no successor to the late Jimmy Maxton, whose gifts as an orator made him an effective crusader for Scotland. Today "the wild men of Clydeside", whom he led to Westminster more than 30 years ago, are all dead or tamed, and Glasgow, then notorious for its political "redness", now distributes its seats between rightist Laborites and progressive Tories.

The problems confronting the Scottish people, however, are economic rather than political. Scotland has a larger scale of unemployment than England and a relatively larger legacy from the past of squalorous slums. She continues to lose many of her young people by emigration and the ominous depopulation of her rural areas has not been checked. There is also a widespread feeling, shared by adherents of all parties, that she has lost control of her own destinies and that as the result of the centralization of government in London, English interests always get precedence over those of Scotland. It is this grievance, which has been the mainspring

The day the Angels Sang

Randolph MacDonald

Mr. & Mrs. James J. Hunter, pictured at their wedding reception at Clarendon Hall in Toronto.

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of the Scottish Nationalist movement and its demand for Home Rule.

Four years ago, when almost half of the adult population of Scotland signed a document called the Covenant which pledged them to work for the redress of Scotland's disabilities, the apparently formidable strength of the Nationalist movement frightened the politicians of all the old parties. But at the next general election the polls revealed that most of the signers of the Covenant had not translated their professed enthusiasm for autonomy for Scotland into votes for Nationalist candidates, not one of whom was elected. Today, with its leaders wasting their energies on internal feuds and trivial issues like the Scottish objection to the Queen's title of Elizabeth II, the Nationalist movement has lost the momentum given to it by the Covenant and has become politically impotent.

But it has not been wholly fruitless. Its impact upon the minds of the ruling politicians at Westminster has won some recognition of the Scottish people's desire for some emancipation from the domination of their English partner. The authority of the Secretary of State for Scotland has been enlarged and the office at Edinburgh, which is under his charge, now handles many affairs formerly dealt with in London. Several committees whose sole concern is with Scottish problems have been established and there has been an enlargement of subsidies devised for curing the depression of the Highlands.

While the force of the Nationalist movement has waned, there are still intelligent Scots who argue that a good future for their country would be more assured, if she were an independent political unit, not tied to the fortunes of England. They point out that, thanks to the efficiency of her agriculture, she can virtually feed her own population; that the aptitudes of her workers for producing specialized goods such as whiskey, fine tweeds, knitted goods, ships and machinery of such high quality that they find ready markets all over the world, will ensure a volume of exports sufficient to cover the cost of imports. But they balk at producing any practical plan for disentangling two economies which have been intertwined closely for generations.

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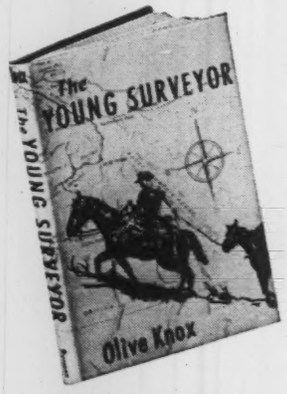

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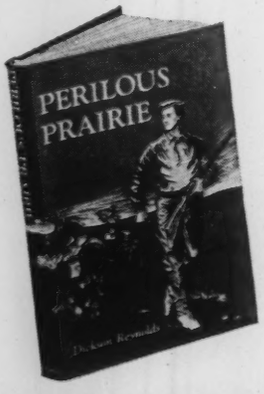

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A Cranky Life of GBS

by Robertson Davies

ST. JOHN ERVINE has many qualities which seem, at first glance, to make him a first-rate biographer of Bernard Shaw. He enjoyed forty years of Shaw's friendship; Mrs. Ervine was Charlotte Shaw's best friend; he is a dramatist with an inside knowledge of the theatre, and a critic with an outside knowledge of it; he is, as Shaw was, an Irish Protestant, with an understanding of all that means. But his book, *Bernard Shaw, His Life, Work and Friends*, is not the book we had hoped for; it has many virtues, but the total impression it leaves is of a contentious, cranky piece of work, by a man who has chafed under the discipline of biography. There will certainly be better books about Shaw; it is only fair to say that they will all be heavily in debt to this one for many facts and shades of significance.

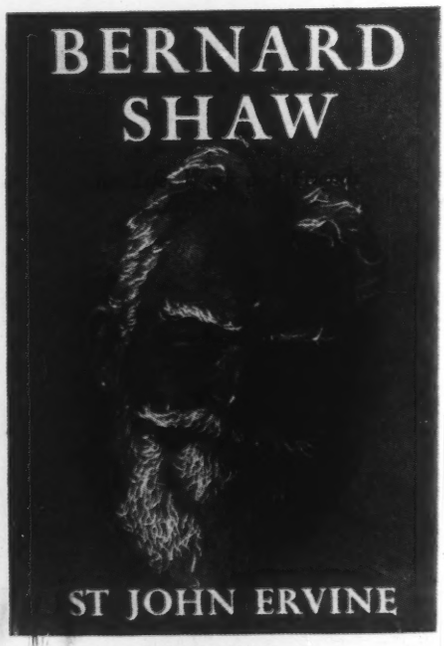
What mars the book is Mr. Ervine's continual self-intrusiveness. We do not care what he thinks about the present government of his country, about Aneurin Bevan, about Socialism, about Beatrice and Sidney Webb's value to their country or about the moral worth of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. We do not share his foolish misunderstanding of the American people and their use of the English tongue. We are not helped by gassy generalizations, such as "the arts have flourished best in all ages of great criticism"—a *hysteron proteron* which could only have originated in the diseased vanity of a play-reviewer. And we grow to resent the faulty organization of the book, which often involves covering the same ground twice without any perceptible gain in understanding.

A biographer must be allowed great freedom. He will not be worthy of a great subject if he is himself a characterless drudge, but he must stop short of being a crank. And we may expect him to cover all the important points in the life of his subject.

Mr. Ervine says too little about the filming of Shaw's plays, and the struggle involved in getting permission to do so. He is unsatisfactory when he deals with Shaw's musical interests. Shaw played the piano. Did he play well? Was he a bad technician and a good interpreter? Shaw sang. What did he sing, and was it a pleasure to hear him? Shaw sang even in old age. Did he preserve his voice into his eighties, as did Sir George Henschel and his own mother, Lucinda Elizabeth Shaw? These are points of interest about a man who was a great lover and critic of music; if Mr. Ervine cannot form an opinion of his own he could have found someone else capable of telling him what we want to know. But Mr. Ervine is self-sufficient, as well as self-intrusive. Both of these faults could be overlooked if his tone were not so often aggressive and pugnacious. He writes in a clumsy version of the Shaw manner, which is intolerable without the Shaw matter.

Nevertheless, the book is an important one and has positive virtues. Ervine knew Shaw well enough and long enough to be able to assert with conviction that Shaw was a deeply emotional man, whose emotions cost him dearly in wrong judgments, ineptitudes and embarrassing tomfooleries. The passage which tells of Shaw's emotional collapse after his wife's death is poignant reading. Shaw bought his apparent indifference to public opinion, and his reputation for chilly intellect, at an inordinate price. He was a man torn with emotion, too proud to show it to the world.

The story of Shaw's love-life has often been told, but never in such detail and never with such a ring of truth as in this book. He was a charmer all his life, and



Jacket Design

St. John Ervine: Pugnacious.

even in his seventies women paid him meaningful attentions. From the age of twenty-nine onward until his marriage at forty-two, he was a philanderer, though it appears that he never had relations with a woman without first apologizing for a procedure which he always regarded as somewhat ridiculous. But perhaps the most extraordinary fact that Mr. Ervine tells us is that Shaw's marriage with Charlotte Payne-Townshend was never consummated. This was the bride's wish; she was apparently even more fastidious than he. They lived together in the happiest companionship until her death in 1943. The only woman who disturbed their happiness was Mrs. Campbell, and although Shaw wrote her extravagant letters and was very much in love with her, he remained physically faithful to his wife. Those who have read the Shaw-Campbell correspondence will remember that Stella Campbell was furious and contemptuous of Shaw's refusal to do anything which would give pain to his wife or diminish her dignity by a jot.

Because Mr. Ervine knew Shaw intimately, he is able to make judgments on him which have often been made in the past, but which have weight only when they are uttered by an old and loving friend. Thus when he says that there was a hard streak in Shaw—the opposite side of the medal from his extravagant emotionalism — we believe it. And when he says that Shaw revealed at intervals all his life a strain of the "Dublin smartie", it is different and more significant than the same gibe on other lips. These hard words are uttered in a book which never stints praise of Shaw's greatness. And Mr. Ervine tells us much that explains why Shaw could be hard, and why he delighted sometimes in forms of self-assertion which were unworthy of him.

Shaw came from a most unpromising home. His father was a weak drunkard, with the pride of Irish gentry. His mother had her own family pride, and she was all her life cold, unloving and of an acid spirit. His childhood was loveless and neglected. During his difficult and humiliating formative years, when he was struggling and failing as a novelist, he was under constant fire from his sister Lucy, who added to the cold character of the mother the acerbity of an elder sister. Shaw succeeded at last, as a critic and journalist, but until he married Charlotte he never knew a home which contained a crumb of comfort, of love, or of decent food. These things do not dispose a man to be gentle, or to feel an easy superiority to people who live amid normal comfort and affection. Let those who prate of the effects on children of a "broken home" spare some pity for the unfortunate "Sonny" Shaw.

His own misfortunes made him considerate of the feelings of others. No man, says Mr. Ervine, could do a kindness so delicately, or lend money so unobtrusively. The rasp of his tongue on those whom he considered responsible opponents must be balanced against his gentleness toward the young, the defenceless and the unlucky. He was a man strikingly without rancour; he forgave much, and was always surprised when people harbored resentment for old quarrels which he had finished and forgotten. In his dealings with his intimates he was modest, and he and Mrs. Shaw quite genuinely believed that when they were old, younger people would be bored by their society.

Although Mr. Ervine says little about it, we may deduce that Shaw was forbearing with his wife in certain matters. She had literary aspirations but no talent, and she published at least one rather embarrassing book relating to one of the pseudo-religions which came to occupy so much of her time. It is, of course, outside the province of either biographer or reviewer to suggest that a more normal marriage might have obviated some of this weakly mystical enthusiasm. To transcend the physical may be, in the end, to transcend common sense, as well. To use Shaw's own phrase, "she survived her wits", and Mr. Ervine presents a sad and tender picture of G.B.S., near the end, turning over the pages of a book of pictures for her.

Here, then, is a cranky and sometimes irritating life of Shaw by a man who knew him very well. Particularly in its critical comment on Shaw's work, the book is vexatious, but it offers personal recollections and hitherto unknown facts which outweigh its demerits. Nobody who seriously hopes to understand Shaw should fail to read it.

Bernard Shaw, His Life, Work and Friends, by St. John Ervine—pp. 599, with illustrations and pp. 28 of Index—*Longmans Green—$7.50.*

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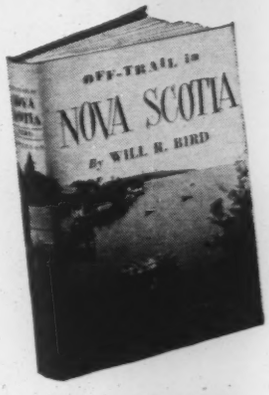

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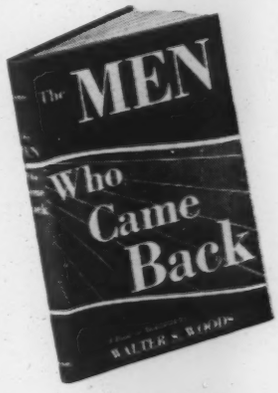

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FILMS

Early Troubles on the Canal

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THE FILM *Suez,* recently re-issued, should make at least one point clear for the movie-going public: Sir Anthony Eden's difficulties with that old trouble-maker the Suez Canal aren't to be compared with the headaches suffered by Count de Lesseps, who was chiefly responsible for connecting up the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

De Lesseps (played here by Tyrone Power, magnificently finger-waved) had the initial advantage of an understanding with the Egyptian Government. There were troubles aplenty in France, however, where the Empress Eugenie (Loretta Young), a sort of period Meddlesom Mattie, tried to fix things up for her young admirer and managed to create such a political scandal that de Lesseps had to retire to Egypt while his poor old father (Henry Stephenson) died of a stroke. But the dauntless Frenchman went right ahead with his dream, under the inspiration of Annabella, granddaughter of a resident British sergeant, and presently he had his gangs of native labor carting away the desert in bushel baskets. It was a slow process and it had hardly more than a good start when the Turks blew the enterprise to pieces with dynamite.

Meanwhile, there were troubles with the British Government, headed by Lord Palmerston, who couldn't see the Canal as anything but a menace to the Empire. As though *that* weren't bad enough a tornado came along, sweeping away tanks, dredges, temporary buildings and Annabella. After that, the whole affair might have petered out in the desert sands if Disraeli hadn't come to the rescue and given the project the backing of Her Majesty's Government.

In its curious mixture of history and fantasy, solid great names and sheer romantic nonsense, the film is exactly as entertaining and undemanding today as it was fifteen years ago. Somehow it has been made to fit comfortably into the high wide screen and it fits just as smoothly into the expectations of today's audience, which understands perfectly that the Suez will be finished eventually, in spite of sabotage, acts of God, and intransigeant politicians; also that Annabella who could never have married a de Lesseps, must be reverentially sacrificed along the way to a ritual salute of muskets over her desert grave.

Ray Milland and Maureen O'Hara.

The Best Things in Life are Free, which was probably made the day before yesterday, follows screen convention quite as rigidly as does *Suez.* Since it is a musical it has its own pattern, which is quite as inviolable as the formula for screen adventure. In the beginning the hero has a native genius for song, a beautiful girl, and no money. Presently he is a popular success, and now he has plenty of money and no beautiful girl. The end brings together all the happy elements—song, success, money, girl,—in a big overflowing production number.

This is the basic structure of practically all musical biography films and John O'Hara, who wrote the story of *The Best Things in Life are Free,* has held everything strictly in line. The plot has to do with the career of Buddy DeSylva, who flourished in the Twenties, along with Ray Henderson and Lew Brown. The trio turned out a vast number of song hits and Gordon MacRae, who plays the DeSylva role, lines out most of the more memorable DeSylva tunes. Ernest Borgnine and Dan Dailey play Lew Brown and Ray Henderson, Tony Galento is on hand as a Prohibition gangster, and since they are all lively performers the film hits a fine pace in spite of its hobbled plot. Sheree North plays the loyal sweetheart and manages to look attractive in the kind of clothing that set a whole generation wondering how their mothers ever got married.

Lisbon opens with a study of Claude Rains sprinkling crumbs for a group of sparrows, then clubbing one of them with a tennis racket, in order to feed his pet cat. This novel, if horrid, introduction sets the character of the villain, but not, as it works out, of the plot, which has no further surprises to offer. Ray Milland is the star, and he is pursued by Maureen O'Hara, who offers him herself, plus $25 million. Star Milland rejects the big economy size for an old-fashioned brand, slightly counter-soiled (Yvette Furneaux). Neither lady is a real bargain.

There is a beautiful performance in *The Catered Affair* by Bette Davis, who seems by this time to have shed every vanity except the central indestructible pride in being a fine actress. The makeup department has done a formidable job here in turning her into a stout dispirited housewife, but the inner characterization is Bette's own, and she achieves it right to the ends of her talented fingertips. The comedy, which derives from a Paddy Chayefsky play, is mildly funny, occasionally tragic, and incessantly observant.

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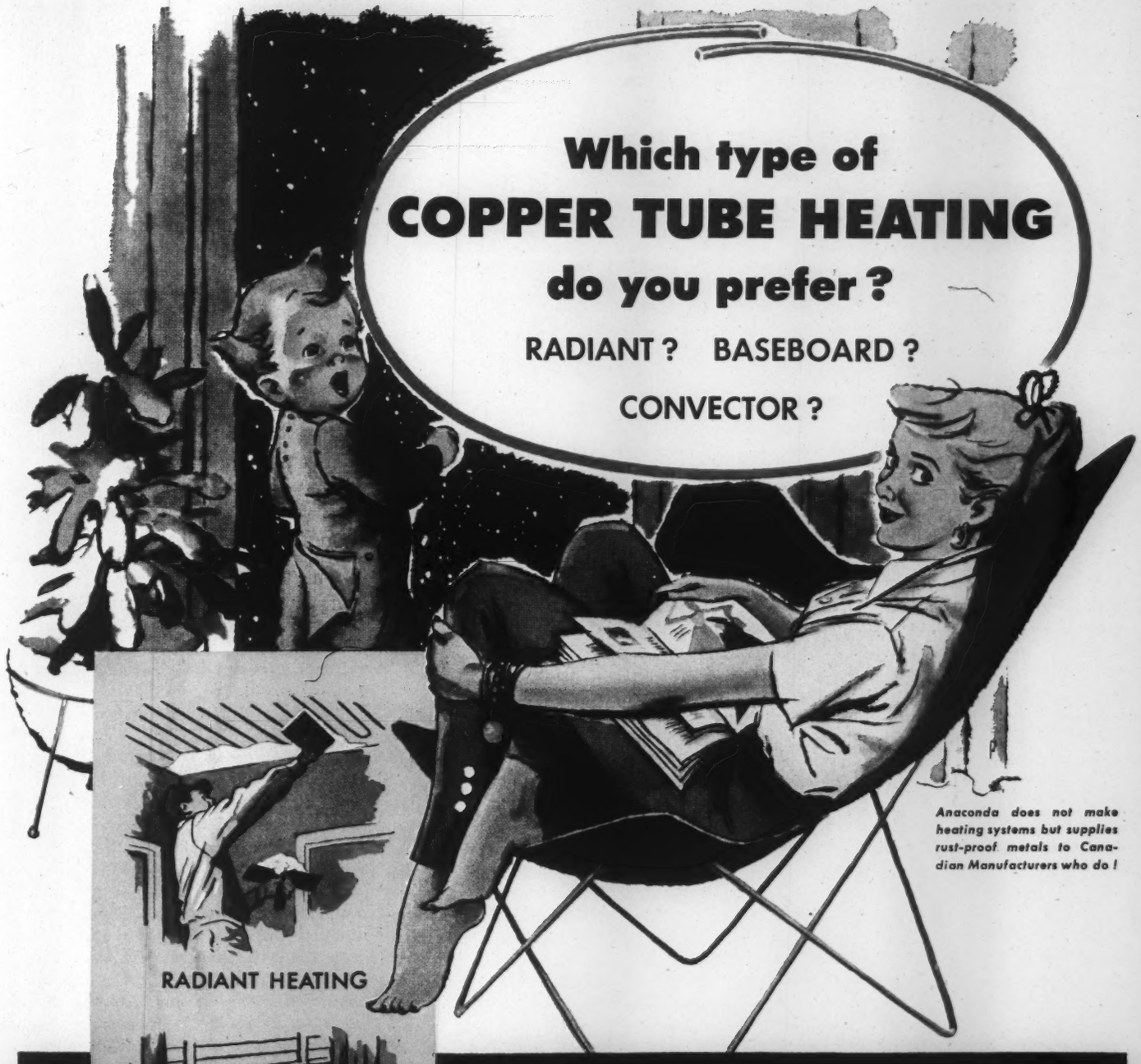

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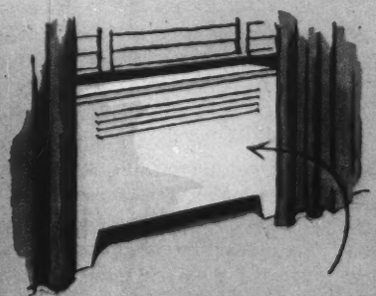

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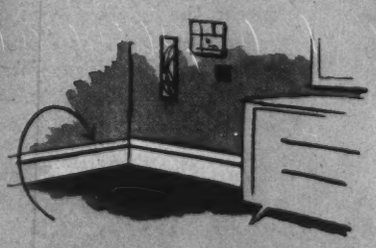

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Robert Whitehead

DAMON RUNYON would probably have dubbed Canadian Robert Whitehead, "Robert the Gent". In the wonderful world of Broadway, bounded by Lindy's cherry cheesecake on the north and the flashing New York Times sign on the south, Whitehead is a rarity. While others have made, and often lost, a million dollars backing sure-fire *commercial* theatrical ventures, Whitehead has proved himself a man with a golden arm, turning off-beat plays into box office smashes.

He has walked boldly where many a Broadway "angel" would fear to tread. As a result, this season he is producing no less than five plays. And while other Broadway impresarios seem to go about their precarious profession with an equal amount of Barnum and borscht, 40-year-old Whitehead carries off his difficult chore of turning culture into cash with the apparent dignity and calmness of a British ambassador at a tea party.

Although Whitehead has been in New York twenty years, and a Broadway producer for ten, he is still a Canadian. Although he has kept his eyes rather closely on the Manhattan horizon these many years, he has cast more than just sideways glances on Canada. Last year his Producers Theatre Inc. teamed up with the Stratford of Canada Shakespearean Festival to bring Tamburlaine to Broadway, the first large-scale appearance of Canadians in New York. This year he has chosen Toronto as a pre-Broadway locale for one of his five plays, Jean Anouilh's *Waltz of the Toreadors.* And despite the fact he has taken an active interest in U.S. politics (backing Stevenson), he still is a Canadian citizen.

Whitehead's dedicated attitude toward the theatre has made him the fair-haired boy of that hard-boiled bunch, the New York theatre critics. Brooks Atkinson, tiger at the opening night gates, has called him "a man of great singleness of purpose." And that same critic who, it is said at Sardis, eats producers for breakfast, adds, "He has taste, skill and imagination; he loves the theatre as one of the public arts".

Robert Whitehead comes by his theatrical heritage indirectly. Neither of his parents was involved in stage work—his father was in the textile business, his mother a member of the Labatt brewery family. But as a child he used to play with his talented cousin, Hume Cronyn. Whitehead recalls, "Hume was a few years older than me, so he used to be producer, director and leading actor. We would organize the family and make them watch and they would say 'Isn't that sweet'." That's where it began.

Whitehead tried his hand as a commercial photographer in both Montreal and Toronto. This led him into advertising agency work. "But", he says, "I couldn't take advertising seriously, and that is apparently the secret of being a good advertising man."

In 1936 he took a try at New York as an actor. He got a job carrying a spear, spouting a line or two, and enrolled in the New York School of the Theatre. When the war came along he attempted to get into both the Canadian army and navy. But he didn't hear from them until 1941 when he was already overseas serving with an American ambulance outfit. "I had to write and tell them I was tied up."

Back in post-war New York, he teamed up with a man he had met overseas, Oliver Rea, with the idea of producing a Broadway play. Whitehead had read Robinson Jefferson's adaptation of *Medea,* and decided this was the work to produce. Although others thought the Greek tragedy of hysteria and homicide would never go on the Broadway boards, Whitehead was convinced. Somehow he managed to convince Judith Anderson to star in it, John Gielgud to stage it, and he raised $75,000 to produce it. Critics called it "a landmark of the theatre", audiences loved it.

After a not-too-successful *Crime and Punishment,* Whitehead waited a careful year before choosing his next play. It was Carson McCuller's tender *The Member of the Wedding,* starring Ethel Waters and Julie Harris. He's never had a real worry since. He became a natural choice as the managing director of the American National Theatre and Academy. When he quickly produced five fine productions in one season, ranging from O'Neill to Odets, the papers uniformly applied two adjectives to his name each time it appeared in print—"bright and talented". At a time when Broadway had a lean and hungry look ANTA's productions were called "one bright ray" by Atkinson.

But when ANTA refused to grow along with Whitehead, he quit. With real estate tycoons Robert Dowling and Roger L. Stevens (the latter headed the syndicate that bought control of the Empire State Building in 1951 for $50,500,000), he formed Producers Theatre Inc. With a million dollars to call on and three theatres under lease, they have pushed Broadway into the class of big business.

Juggling five plays at once, Whitehead lives a long day. He begins it late, around ten, reading and planning in his Washington Square penthouse. Over a bowl of shredded wheat he makes some early morning calls. ("How about those costumes, Ben?") Along with his attractive wife, former actress Virginia Bolen, he skips down to the Eighth Street subway station, slips out at Times Square and into the Music Box to see how *Separate Tables* is doing. At the Martin Beck he has a word with Charles Laughton who is starring in and directing *Major Barbara,* or he moves to another theatre for a chat with Michael Redgrave who is performing the same functions for *The Sleeping Prince.* At his office overlooking Times Square he will pace the floor and quietly hand out a hundred assignments. All being well, he may spend a quiet evening—in the theatre.

Now only forty, and a success in any language, the question comes up: where does he go from here? He wouldn't mind trying a movie. But last year he skippered *Skin of Our Teeth* through Paris. This production on an international scale appeals to him. Last week he had a talk with the Soviet Minister of Culture. He would like to produce an American play in Moscow.

Every once in a while the cry in New York is "What's wrong with Broadway?" Today that cry is heard less and less as the name of Robert Whitehead, the gentleman from Canada, is more and more being likened to such Broadway greats as Shubert.

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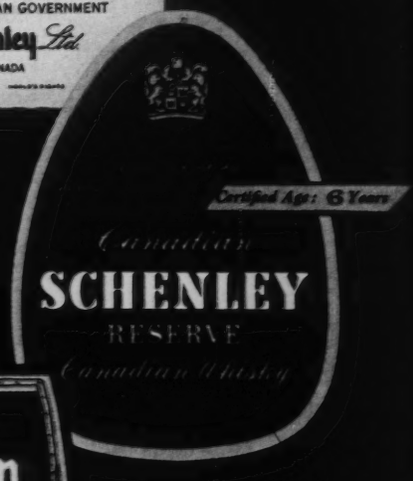

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"What does it matter if Magdalen crumbles to the dust? Who cares . . .?"

LETTER FROM LONDON

Hysteria in High and Low Places

by Beverley Nichols

YET ANOTHER PROOF OF the fact that Britain, in spite of certain noisy minorities, is still conservative at heart, is afforded by the outcry that has greeted Mr. Duncan Sandys' proposal for a new road at Oxford. Sandys is Minister of Housing, and he has decided that at long last something must be done to mitigate Oxford's traffic problems.

Traffic is literally destroying Oxford. Under the ceaseless impact of heavy lorries the colleges in the High are crumbling to bits; the foundations are being undermined and the plaster is cracking at an alarming speed. Apart from this, even bicycles are experiencing increasing difficulty in forcing a passage, and the bicycle is the traditional means of transport for the average undergraduate.

So Mr. Sandys has taken a whole herd of bulls by the horns with the bold solution of a road that by-passes the High and cuts across Christ Church meadows. Result: a pandemonium of protest. One would think that the meadows, which are damp, inextensive, and of no great natural beauty were, in fact, the Elysian Fields. What does it matter if Magdalen crumbles to dust? Who cares if commerce is throttled? Young poets have wandered in those meadows and fledgling archbishops have gained inspiration from them. Hands off!

I have not much sympathy with the protestors, among whom are men as eminent as Lord Cherwell. But then, I am not a Christ Church man. Those who love Oxford should welcome the scheme because it saves a great deal more than it sacrifices. The green and gracious walks along the Isis and the Cherwell (from which, of course, Lord Cherwell took his name) will be preserved. The High will become, once again, a thoroughfare of learning rather than of lorries. And Magdalen—the loveliest college of Oxford—will breathe a sigh of relief, for the bridge will be closed to traffic, and the willows will be left to weep in peace.

In spite of the wind and the rain and the scurrying clouds, and in spite of Suez —which began as a bang and seems to be ending in a whimper—Londoners have been giving an exhibition of fan-mania so violent that it is arousing the serious attention of the social psychologists, who devote earnest discussions to it on T.V. The latest, and to some of us the least attractive object of their worship, is the £300,000-a-year pianist Liberace, in whose Hollywood mansion, so one understands, not only the swimming pool but even the sanitary conveniences are fashioned in the shape of grand pianos.

Liberace's arrival in this country set an all-time record in mob hysteria. He travelled to London in a special train, decorated with red roses and equipped, by his fans, with lace antimacassars on which to rest his curly locks. (It is wonderful how a nationalized industry, like British Railways, can rise to the occasion in a time of real emergency. It is less accommodating to the ordinary British taxpayer, who is often obliged to spread a newspaper on the seat if he does not wish to ruin his trousers.)

At Waterloo Station, as one wit observed, there had been nothing like it since

Napoleon. Traffic was disrupted, trains were delayed, the platform was strewn thick with paper roses, and a monstrous regiment of women, shrieking, sobbing, clutching their bosoms, broke through the police cordon in a frenzied effort to touch their idol, or, as one girl observed "to touch somebody who *had* touched him". (It reminds me of a revue number current in my youth, called "I've danced with a man who's danced with a girl who's danced with the Prince of Wales.")

In the course of the next few days Liberace swept Nasser off the front page, and the skies were made terrible by his incessant, synthetic smile, looming over us. There was only one bright moment. During a flying trip to Paris, Liberace was stung on the thumb by a wasp. Next day Osbert Lancaster, the brilliant cartoonist of the *Daily Express*, came out with a very nice drawing of a large wasp. Round its neck he had hung a medal.

In case you should gather from these impressions, that Britain is going to the dogs, let me reassure you. In many respects we are still positively Victorian in our concern for the morals of the young. Consider that quite unique institution the British censorship, as personified in that "anachronistic bogey", the Lord Chamberlain. At long last Londoners are to be allowed to see three of the outstanding successes of the modern theatre, Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*, Robert Anderson's *Tea and Sympathy* and Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

Each of these plays has been performed with distinction on Broadway, and in nearly every civilized capital of Europe. But in London, no. They have been firmly banned from all public performance because they mention, in passing, the problem of homosexuality. And it is inconceivable that Londoners—who have evidently not yet earned the right to consider themselves adult—should be permitted to

Liberace: A medal for a wasp.

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hear even a whisper of such a subject in their theatres.

So what happens?

What happens is an exquisite example of British compromise (I nearly wrote "humbug"). We all join a club. The club is called the New Watergate; the entrance fee is five bob; and the premises are the old Comedy Theatre. To which, at about the time these words are printed, we shall all be flocking, to the danger of our souls.

There is something almost sublime about such idiocy.

And here—for those who like to think of our old country still clinging to a few remnants of the past—is another item of information. It concerns an old tailors' shop in the ancient city of Chester, and how it was saved from extinction by a Duke.

The duke in question was the late Duke of Westminster, who was one of the richest men in the world, owning a sizeable proportion of Mayfair. The tailors' shop bore the good old name of John Smith & Sons. For over two hundred years it had served the Duke's ancestors—and a pretty pageant that suggests, of flowered Georgian waistcoats, Regency cravats and the solemn broadcloth of Victorian statesmen. Then, just before the Duke's death, it was on the point of being bought up by a multiple firm, and the usual result of such transactions is that the old bow-windows are knocked down to be replaced by chromium-plated horrors. The Duke was almost on his death-bed when he stepped in and put a stop to it, and now John Smith & Sons will carry on, serving the nobility and gentry for as long as there are any gentry left to serve.

Yet we do march with the times—now and then. Does the name Coventry still ring the faint echo of a cathedral bell in Canada? In case you have forgotten it, Coventry was the city which was the object of one of Hitler's fiercest onslaughts in the war, during the course of which the cathedral was totally destroyed. The new cathedral is at last in process of erection, and it is as modern as any building that you will find in Finland, which is still in the architectural vanguard.

Londoners have now had an opportunity to see the stained glass windows which will eventually be placed in the finished building. They have been set up in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and have been drawing the town, for rumor had it that they were as revolutionary as any painting by Picasso. They are indeed modern, and I was prepared to hate them; but I was among the many who went to scoff and remained to pray. The windows are staggeringly impressive—vast angular abstractions in strident colors that yet seem, by some miracle, to achieve harmony and peace. If such beauty could always spring up from the ashes of war, the world would indeed be a fair place.

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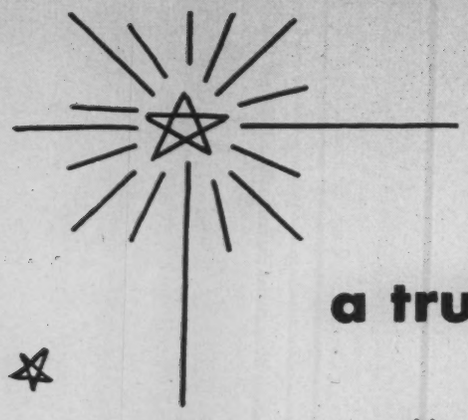

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Moppet on a Merry-Go-Round

by Bob Willett

A YEAR AGO last spring, Toronto's Johnny Washbrook was basking in the warmth of what was supposed to be one of Dame Fortune's fondest smiles. He'd just signed a 20th Century-Fox contract, to play the leading two-legged part in what is now television's most successful boy-meets-horse program, *My Friend, Flicka.* Today, however, a close observer can't help but wonder whether Lady Luck wasn't really giving him the horse-laugh.

The price the pint-size performer has paid for a fat pay cheque and far-flung popularity, like that paid by many a Movietown moppet, has come high. Of course, what's happened to him has its advantages, as well as its disadvantages, and only the future will decide which weighs the most. For the present, young Master Washbrook is on a merry-go-round that shows little sign of slowing down. A TV star's spare time is never free of extra-curricular effort, and eleven-year-old Johnny's summer hiatus was no exception, much of it being taken up with personal appearances.

Johnny himself would be the last to beef about being busy. There's no doubt that he enjoys singing and dancing at benefit affairs, since they're a change of pace from the relatively straight acting he does on the air. Besides, he was badly bitten by the acting bug at the age of five, and his hard-riding-hero role is a dream come true. And, almost any kid his age would get a kick out of mingling with movie stars and getting to do such things as visiting an Air Force base, or heading a parade on a day designated as his very own. At least, he would until the novelty had worn off, and that hasn't yet happened to Johnny. It is to his mother, Mrs. Herbert Washbrook, that the tinsel is beginning to look a little tarnished.

"Although he's worked hard and done a good job, Hollywood hasn't given Johnny much recognition," she points out. "Most of the publicity he's received—apart from stories in Canadian publications—has been poor. One columnist, apparently having run out of adults to carp about, said Johnny was such a poor horseman that he had to have a double for his riding scenes. That almost broke his heart, because he has learned to ride very well. I think the studio should have demanded a retraction. A double does the dangerous riding for this or any other show, simply because it's bad business to risk serious injury to a leading player. But, I guess we'll just have to get used to that sort of thing."

Flicka, Johnny and Anita Louise.

Mrs. Washbrook has already grown accustomed to riding herd on her overly-zealous offspring, in keeping with the harried pace of telefilm production. A typical day for the two begins when they get up around 6 a.m., so that Johnny will be at the ranch location in time for the 9 o'clock start of shooting. He frequently arrives home so late that he does nothing but eat, bathe and fall into bed—but not to sleep. He first must make sure he has memorized his lines for the following day.

Johnny's grown steadily since coming to California, and is now almost five feet tall. He worries about dated stories that make it appear that he's a half-pint, but the studio stews more about him outgrowing the role. During breaks in the *Flicka* filming, he's played parts on the *20th Century-Fox TV Hour,* and he's likely to graduate to feature films before long. However, he's experienced his worst frustration in this regard, having had to pass up *The King And I* and three other pictures for which he was being considered, due to his conflicting videofilm commitment.

The most serious problem resulting from his rapid rise to fame has been readjustment, for both Johnny and the rest of the family. In Toronto, where he attended Bedford Park public school, he lived a relatively normal life, even though he

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made more than 200 air appearances on school broadcasts, with comedians Wayne and Shuster and, eventually, on CBC dramatic programs. His career was really a form of play, and he still found time for fun with friends his own age. In Hollywood, he has found neither the time nor the friends.

In the beginning, Johnny begged to be allowed to act to keep up with brother Donald, four years his senior, who had established himself as a juvenile player. Besides drawing raves on radio and TV, both boys scored in several Canadian stage presentations, including *Life With Father*, in which they were joined by their mother. (All three studied radio acting under the direction of Marjorie Purvey, stage technique with Josephine Barrington).

Visiting friends in New York in 1955, Mrs. Washbrook kept Johnny out of mischief by letting him make his first U.S. television appearance, in *Roads To Home*, a live network production. He so impressed the critics that one of them demanded to know whether the highly-dramatic role hadn't been handled by a midget.

With his younger brother, six-year-old Mike, also an experienced actor, Johnny figured it would be easy to make *Flicka* a family affair, but the TV bosses thought otherwise. Donald's loss is the greatest, since he's now regarded merely as Johnny Washbrook's brother, and hasn't been successful in resuming his career.

Since becoming a household face, young Johnny has had a hard time going anywhere without being besieged by fans in the U.S. Although he's not at all precocious, he doesn't mind the attention much, "because it's part of my job and, at least, most of the people I meet know why my hair is so long". He's made plans to return to Canada as soon as he can, perhaps next year, and possibly with the *Flicka* troupe being featured at the Canadian National Exhibition.

After living in a modest, rented house for a year, Johnny's folks recently purchased a small "ranch" in an average residential section of the San Fernando Valley. In time, they intend to give in to his demands for a horse of his own, but they have no intention of going Hollywood. The future of their brown-eyed, freckle-faced redhead is bright, both financially and artistically, and his college education is assured. To a degree, this was also true in Toronto. In more than one way, he was better off before he hit the bigtime.

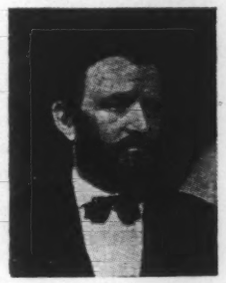
When I first interviewed Johnny, shortly after his arrival in Hollywood, the most impressive statement he made was, "Gee, I guess I'm the luckiest kid in the world". During our most recent conversation, he didn't once mention his good fortune, but he did say, "Gee, I sure hope I make some friends soon".

On Leadership

by Bergen Evans

Is it true that there is an ability called "leadership", apart from a particular eminence or power of guidance, which enables those who have it to direct anything?

ABSOLUTELY NOT. The qualities making for leadership under one set of circumstances may be impediments to even average performance under another. Military success, in particular, is won under conditions so different from those of civilian life that it is very dangerous to assume that a great military leader will make a great civil leader.



Grant

The career of Grant illustrates the invalidity of an assumption of general leadership ability. He was a failure in civilian life before the Civil War called out his military genius. He again proved his incapacity as civilian when, for his military achievements, he was rewarded with election to the Presidency. It is difficult to find many Presidential administrations which were less impressive.

Is it true that leaders are constantly on the lookout for new blood and "new ideas"?

Mendel

UNFORTUNATELY, this is only an illusion which leaders themselves often cultivate and propagate.

Men who have never entertained a thought that postdated the fourteenth century will sagely and seriously assure graduating classes that they and the world are eagerly awaiting correction and instruction.

If leaders have been on the lookout for new ideas, they have used their binoculars very ineptly. Mendel's "new ideas" about genetics lay forgotten for 40 years. The sulfa drugs were known 20 years before they were used. Not only *have* new ideas won out slowly; they continue to do so. The virtues of the metrical system are obvious, yet in many nations which call themselves enlightened less efficient systems of weights and measures are still firmly entrenched.

Is it true that a mediocre leader often compensates for his own lack of ability by building a "strong organization" around him?

Harding

IT IS questionable whether such compensation happens often. Even if a mediocre man could recognize superiority in his assistants, a highly doubtful possibility, it is unlikely that he would willingly endure the humiliation of the comparisons that their presence would bring.

In support of this conclusion one can cite the work of Dr. Elliot D. Chapple of Harvard. Dr. Chapple discovered that people with the power to choose their subordinates see to it that those under them are really inferiors.

Had Dr. Chapple wanted historical examples, the American Presidents, Harding for example, and their Cabinets would have furnished them.

Is it true that our leaders succeed in part because they need far less sleep than their inferiors?

Wesley

THE BRIEFER somnolence of the superman is a folk myth to which the supermen have themselves contributed. John Wesley declared that he found five hours completely restful, while Napoleon boasted that four were enough for him. Wesley may have been able to tell time, but he was not a gifted scientific observer.

Napoleon so exhausted himself every morning bragging how little he had slept the night before that he usually dozed off in the afternoon.

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Peru Today

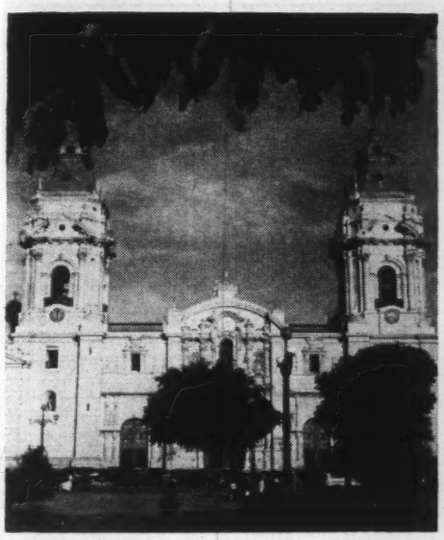
by George Woodcock

THE LAST STOP on the way from Vancouver to Lima was at Guayaquil, in Ecuador, where the CPA flights from Mexico City put down for refuelling. A warm wind swayed the palm trees and the hibiscus bushes, and out in the darkness, beyond the range of the airport lights, sang a strident chorus of treefrogs and crickets.

"Welcome to Guayaquil, 132 miles south of the Equator," read a notice in English, and the waiting room had a feeling of seedy friendliness as its officials idled around with an air of not caring in the least whether one of the passengers might decide to make an unauthorized break for the interior. The lean Negro selling panama hats, the woman with grey bobbed hair behind the refreshment bar who looked as though she might have kept a general store in an English village — one had the feeling that the tropics was running true to the type established by a generation of English novelists.

Lima was still well within the tropics, but the change was startling, even when one had already been told of the city's climatic eccentricities. A pallid grey mist hung in the sky when we arrived — and stayed there throughout the months we remained in Peru. There was no rain, but on our first evening a clammy drizzle began to fall, and the air was so chilly that we shuddered in tweed jackets and looked with understanding at the smart Lima women in their overcoats and

An Indian "mayor" and his helper.



Lima Cathedral, built by Spaniards.

woollen suits, at 12 degrees below the Equator.

Lima's climate is determined by an ocean current, which keeps the rain clouds away from the Peruvian coast and yet, by creating its own mist — La Garua, the Lima people call it — makes the climate cool in winter and not very hot in summer. Because of the lack of rain, the whole coast from the Ecuadorian to the Chilean border is a long desert that reaches up into the western foothills of the Andes and is broken only by the green streaks of infrequent river valleys. Lima lies on one of these rivers, the Rimac, but on every side, except up the valley, the desert creeps to the very edge of the city.

Lima is a city whose charm is not obvious or immediate, like that of some other Peruvian cities, such as Arequipa and Cuzco. To taste the real flavor of the City of Kings, as Pizarro named it, one has to linger there, to watch the leisured life of the people, and to observe the variety of their types — aristocrats of the purest Spanish extraction and women with clear olive skins and that slim-waisted hourglass figure which is so much appreciated by Peruvians, Indians in the vivid native costumes of the Andes and gypsies in pavement-sweeping skirts of gaudy silk, Negro street vendors and Italian storekeepers, English engineers and Cantonese cooks, whose restaurants play a great part in Peruvian life.

In time, we found that it was a city of odd and unexpected pleasures, of little hidden squares and gardens, of flowery Andalusian patios and Spanish mansions with screened wooden balconies in the Moorish style, of elegant eighteenth century palaces hidden among the slums, like that of La Perricholi (the half-breed actress who became a Viceroy's mistress and the heroine of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*), and of curious colonial churches like San Francisco, where the

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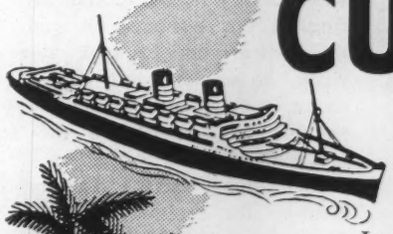

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brown robed friars took us into rambling catacombs, inhabited by flitting bats and filled with the bones of twelve thousand people, arranged with macabre ingenuity in symmetrical piles and patterns.

The City of Kings can best be enjoyed by those with well-filled purses. One day I had to visit a Canadian banker who was working in Lima, and, after we had finished our business, he said: "I hope that when you go back you will not write, as some people have done, that living is cheap in Lima." The only reasonably good hotels in the centre of Lima are not cheap ($9 or more for a double room), and it is hard to get a good meal in the capital for much less than $2.50. These prices reflect the high cost of living among the middle class, i.e. among those who buy any quantity of the manufactured or processed goods which have to be imported, since Peru has very little industry above the primary levels of agriculture or mining.

Beyond its old Spanish centre, Lima has spread in recent years into a wide periphery of suburbs that stretch out towards the sea; very soon they will unite the capital with the rowdy, busy old seaport town of Callao. It is in these suburbs, with their wide boulevards and brilliant gardens and the glittering supermarkets that have recently been introduced, that the prosperous people of Lima live, and the houses they have built themselves make a jumbled museum of styles, from Spanish colonial and Moorish, Gothic and Tudor, to modernistic imitations of Le Corbusier and the Bauhaus school. The modernistic element has also entered into the new public buildings that have been built in the centre of Lima, such as the Ministry of Education and the palatial Social Security Hospital, but Peruvian architects handle the contemporary idioms with unsure hands, and they have produced nothing to compare with the best of Mexico or Brazil.

The fact that Lima should have spread towards the sea rather than towards the mountains is in some ways symbolic of the outlook of its people. Peru is divided geographically into three clearly defined regions — the long western desert of the coast, the *sierra* of high plateaus and valleys embraced by the various ranges of the Andes, and the jungle that slopes down on the east towards the Amazon. Lima is much more conscious of the world beyond its frontiers than it is of the regions beyond the nearest mountain range; on the other hand, it is united by economic interests, and also by the Pan-American Highway (Peru's single important paved road), with the coastal regions to both the north and south.

We travelled along the Pan-American Highway for a thousand miles of its length, proceeding mostly by *collectivo*, a kind of long-distance taxi in which each of the five passengers pays for a

Rueful Notice
To Certain Qantas Contestants

Monday morning October 15th we arrived at the office to find . . . disaster. The lady who comes in to clean up had done her job with unprecedented zeal, and in so doing flung out a huge stack of unanswered entries in our "Re-name the Continents" contest.

As we figure, these entries were mostly mailed after October 6th but some may date from the 1st. If you haven't gotten your Qantasylvania Patent of Citizenship by now yours was likely in the pile. Under these gaunt circumstances, the only way out seems to be for you to send in a new entry — re-name the continents, you might say — on a post card to "Re-submission, Qantas, Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver, B.C. We hope you'll give us (and the cleanup staff) another chance.

Enjoy a finer cognac...

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E. RAUL CHARTRAND, OFFICE GENERAL DES GRANDES MARQUES, MONTREAL

Mountain scenery is spectacular.

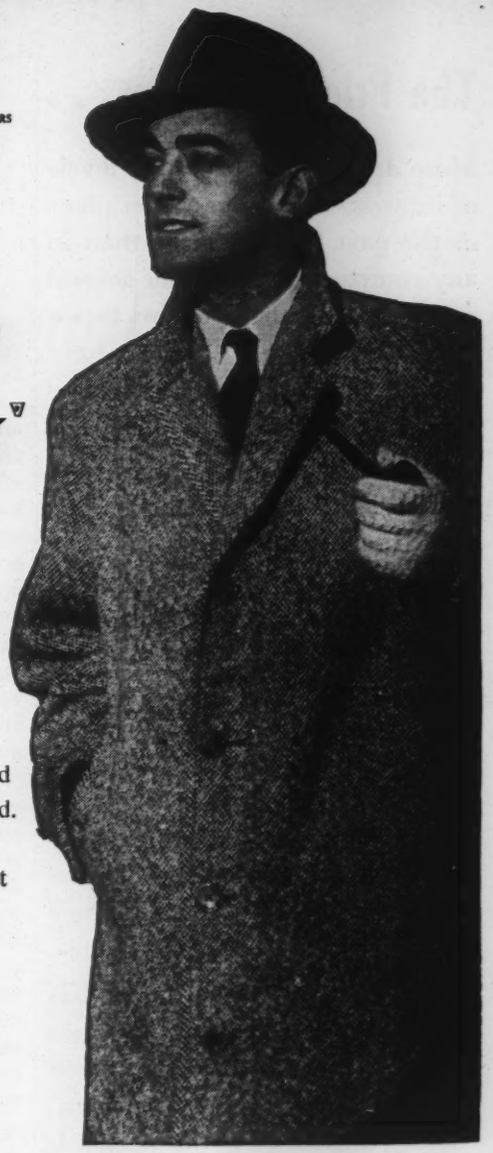
single seat. Hour on hour we would speed through the stark and awesome monotony of the desert — a desert so barren that those scattered regions where a few cacti or squat carob trees grew seemed positively fertile in contrast to the rest. One felt as relieved as a Bedouin traveller to see the green of one of the rare valleys, which provided their narrow oases of sugar cane fields and banana plantations, dotted by primitive *chozas*, or Indian huts of cane plastered with mud.

On this coastline, scattered through the desert, we found some of the most progressive towns of Peru, and also some of its most remarkable archaeological sites. Around Trujillo, in the days before the Inca empire, the Chimu civilization flourished, and one day we went with an archaeological student to visit the remains of the great city of Chan Chan, which was once its capital. For miles on each side of the Pan-American highway stretched the high, tawny adobé walls of this ancient community, which at its height must have sheltered almost 200,000 inhabitants; they were a people who made exquisite ceramics and woven materials, who understood the arts of surgery and smelting, and devised great irrigation systems to tame the desert.

Within the limits of their Bronze Age culture, the Chimu appear to have solved very capably the problems of living in the harsh environment of the Peruvian coast, and it seemed appropriate when, in this same region, we came across the symptoms of an attempt to create a similar reconciliation of man and nature in modern terms. For it is in the old Chimu kingdom, through such projects as the oil refineries of Talara, the steel plants of Chimbote and the power stations of the Santos valley, that the developments which will give Peru a more balanced industrial life are growing up on the edge of the desert, often in the very shadow of the temples and fortresses of the vanished Indian civilizations.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WEATHERPROOFERS

Carefree and comfortable in a "Burberry" topcoat



HERE'S a topcoat that's every inch a 'Burberry'. Distinctively tailored in the true English tradition, yet cut in this-side-of-the-Atlantic style for extra smartness. Superbly fashioned and finished in rich hand-woven Irish Tweed. Enjoy the luxury of being 'Burberry'-dressed . . . see this magnificent topcoat at your nearest *good* men's store.

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HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

The Price of Money . . .

More drastic changes in the levels of interest rates have taken place in the past three months than in any comparable period for several years. The most important factor that has brought about these changes can best be described as "the price of money."

Money, just like other goods and services, has its price and when the demand for money places a strain on the supply it naturally follows that the price rises. This is the position at the present time, for the recent accelerated programme of business expansion in Canada has exerted such a heavy demand on the supply of funds available for this purpose that the price of money is higher now than for many years. This higher money price means higher interest rates.

With few exceptions there has not been a time during the past twenty years when it has been possible to purchase government, municipal and corporation bonds and debentures to give as attractive a return as can now be obtained. This is a time when all investors might well review their cash positions with a view to obtaining the benefit of these higher interest rates. This is a time when experience can help you in making investment selections suitable to your personal requirements.

In our organization we have experienced people who will be glad to help. You will be welcome in any of our offices.

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LIGHTER SIDE

Ceiling Zero

by Norman Ward

A FRIEND in the physical education racket has been explaining to me, without conspicuous success, an experiment which I might dismiss as fanciful if I had heard about it from a person in any other line of work. I am told that if you stand beside a wall painted in appropriate gradations, put a blob of ink on the end of one finger and leap upwards, touching as high a point on the wall as you can manage, any impartial bystander can derive from your finger-print a reasonably accurate indication of your muscle tone, valvular co-ordination, moral outlook, or some other beneficent thing about which I am not entirely clear.

My own impartial opinion, that of a man who can go for weeks and months—and lately, now I think of it, years—with no compulsion to jump in any direction whatever, is that what the test shows is how high you can jump. That being so, it strikes me that a person who leaves the earth in 1956 with no loftier ambition than putting an ink spot on a wall barely deserves to be allowed to land. Indeed, measuring the deftness with which such persons could be grabbed in a net while still in the air, or possibly sundered like clay pigeons at a trapshoot, seems to me a potential test of many admirable human qualities.

The relevant point, in any event, is certainly not how high you can jump, but how high you feel like jumping. There are clear calm days when a man passes lightly over the surface of the globe like a zephyr, never touching it for long enough to gather leverage for a spring. On other days, when all the universe stands motionless, those who have extended dealings with the young, among others, become familiar with the urge not merely to jump roughly fifteen feet straight up, but to come down in heavy brogues on those within range. And every sentient being must have endured the desire to do what we experts call Negative Jumping — that is, sinking without fuss into a hole deeper than one's height.

The daubing of people with ink so that they can in turn daub walls above their normal reach does not, therefore, seem the sort of thing destined to become a popular fad. It's too bad, in a way, for when you consider the range of ink colors, and the number of anatomical areas available on the average man for spotting, those of us who are permanently grounded may be missing something.

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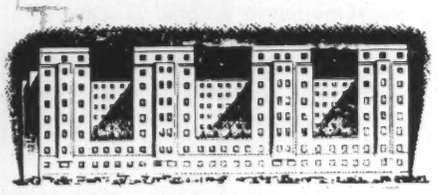


IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Notice is hereby given that a Bonus of Thirty Cents (30¢) per share has been declared for the year ending 31st October, 1956, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after the 1st day of December next to shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st October, 1956.

By order of the Board.

E. J. FRIESEN
General Manager.

Toronto, 17th October, 1956.

IMPERIAL
the **BANK** *that service built*

AVRO: Lesson in International Finance

by R. M. Baiden

BRITISH INVESTORS who have had their doubts about the wisdom of putting money into Canadian industry are learning quickly that it can pay off handsomely.

The eye-opener on the potential of Canadian manufacturing as distinct from the growth of natural-resource industry is A. V. Roe Canada—giant aircraft, jet engine, bus and railway rolling-stock complex. A. V. Roe is a subsidiary of the British Hawker-Siddeley organization.

Investors in the U.K. had been hearing much about Canada's wealth in forest products, metals and oil. But reports on attempts by British firms to set up in Canada weren't too pleasant; there was the aggressive competition from well-established firms and their Canadian subsidiaries to be reckoned with.

Now the offering of shares to Canadians by A. V. Roe Canada has resulted in a steady stream of buying from old London that is threatening to nullify the purpose of AVRO officials in inviting Canadian investors to share in their company.

The Hawker-Siddeley group came to Canada in 1945 and formed A. V. Roe to develop a Canadian aircraft company with government help. Until recently, the AVRO organization remained a wholly-owned subsidiary of the UK firm through a growth that has resulted in five major operating subsidiaries.

But AVRO and Hawker-Siddeley officials recognized that as long as all A. V. Roe shares were held by the UK firm it could be subject to criticism from Canadian investors seeking to buy into our aircraft industry. It was a matter of good public relations to open the company to Canadian money.

The result was an offering of 500,000 shares of 4,737,500 issued to Canadian investors at $16 a share. This would still leave Hawker-Siddeley with an 83% ownership.

In making this offering, A. V. Roe Canada had to disclose information on its operation never before revealed. This material for the financial analyst and investor was contained in a prospectus. And it was the prospectus which opened the eyes of the UK investor.

In a sense, the A. V. Roe common share offering is comparable to the opening up of the books of Ford Motor Co. in the U.S. last year, when shares in that family-owned auto giant were sold publicly for the first time.

The A. V. Roe shares were warmly welcomed by investors here. The 20,000 employees of the organization were given some preference, and reportedly they have purchased 45,000 of the 500,000 shares. Other investors also clamored for the stock. The result was that the shares were never in danger of selling below their $16 offering price.

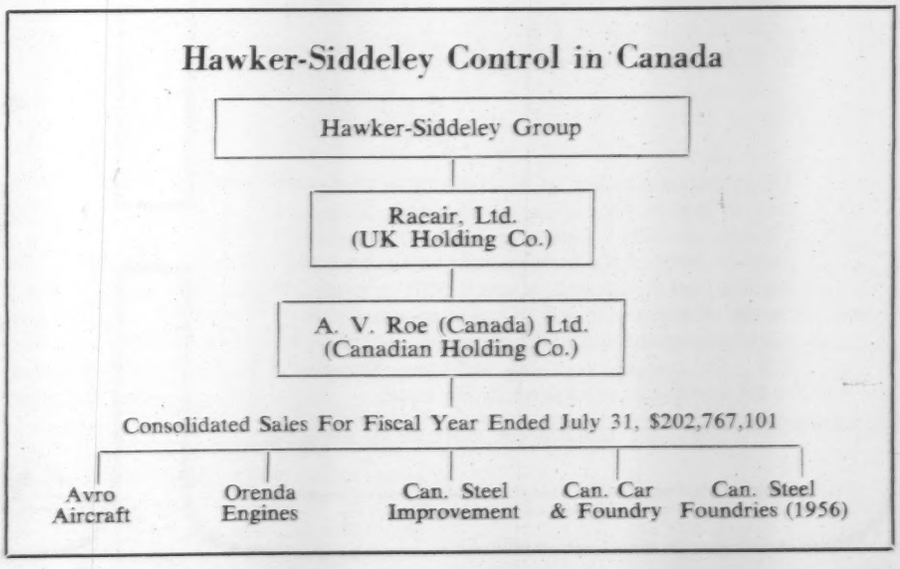
But, as is so often the case with an attractive offering, a good part of the 500,000 shares went into the hands of "free riders". These are good clients of investment firms who look for a quick profit by insisting on obtaining an allotment of shares which they know will be scarce.

A. V. Roe Canada shares quickly climbed to about $19, with these free riders taking profits by selling their $16 stock. They sold—and buying the shares were UK investors who had obtained copies of the prospectus.

What the investors could see in the prospectus was this: the A. V. Roe Canada organization accounts for about 45% of the business done by the world-wide Hawker-Siddeley group. Canada had become the most important factor in the progress of Hawker-Siddeley. Why buy Hawker-Siddeley when you can buy A. V. Roe Canada and be in direct line for dividends from Canadian operations? And already A. V. Roe Canada has declared a 20-cent dividend and is likely to pay at the rate of 80 cents a year, with considerable room for improvement as the organization grows.

Also significant will be the impact on British gold-dollar reserves, which have been a trouble spot in the UK economy for years. On the basis of a $16 million stake in Canada by Hawker-Siddeley (that is the figure that has been reported as the British firm's investment here), it is likely that some $3.2 million will flow to the UK as dividends to Hawker-Siddeley. And that doesn't take into account holdings of private British investors.

A. V. Roe Canada probably represents Britain's biggest single stake with its operating subsidiaries doing better than $220 million of business a year. Its already proved success will likely mean a new look at Canada by UK industrialists and investors with the British government easing the path by relaxing some restrictions on dollar investment.



Travel Accident Coverage

by William Sclater

WHEN WE CONSIDER the chances of accidents during travel, most of us think of this in terms of holidays or business trips. Actually, exposure to this hazard is a daily affair. Most people use a public or private conveyance to go to work every day.

We can obtain insurance coverage on a limited basis of one day, one week, one month or more for vacations, tours, cruises and auto travel. If for example we pack the family into the auto and proceed on a long highway tour, or go by air and bus or taxi to some distant resort, or by sea to other lands, we should be interested in protection that will cover our trip.

In that event it is Trip Insurance we require. A good type of policy offered by a reputable insurer in Canada for this is on a world-wide, comprehensive activity basis that can include anything from a European or South Sea Island jaunt to a trip to the African Congo.

The coverage protects against accident while a passenger on all licensed air services; while travelling by rail, bus, steamship or auto and all means of land or sea transportation. It is operative on a continuous round-the-clock basis for the duration of the trip.

The policy includes a principal sum payable in the event of loss of life or limbs. It includes injury expense for the payment of physician, surgeon, hospital and nurse in addition to other benefits. Provision is made for payment of one-half the principal sum if the policy holder is totally and permanently disabled by injury and prevented from working for a period of 12 consecutive months. An allowance of an additional 24 hours coverage is permitted in the event a common carrier in which the insured is a passenger is delayed by circumstances beyond his control and the policy expires during this delay. This could cover delay by weather on an air flight or delay by storm or breakdown by land, sea or air transport.

Cost of the policy is determined by the amount of the coverage and the period for which it is issued is three days and it can be applied for and issued by mail by filling in a coupon attached to a folder and enclosing the premium.

Premium charge for a coverage of $5,000 principal sum plus $500 injury expense is $3.20 for 14 days. For $25,000 principal sum plus $2,500 injury expense for 14 days the premium would be $15.80. For 21 days the premium cost would be $4.10 for the $5,000 and $500 coverage, and $20.10 for the $25,000 and $2,500. The minimum limit of coverage is for $5,000 principal sum. The maximum is for $50,000 under this particular policy. Larger limits are of course available.

Trip policies are available for hunting trips, covering gunshot wounds, accidental death, travel and other accidents on a similar basis. For a seven-day hunting trip the premium cost of $5,000 principal sum plus $500 medical expense would be $2. For $25,000 principal sum plus $2,500 the seven-day premium would be $10.

Annual travel accident policies are available that give coverage while driving any car, operating any land or sea conveyance except for hire, riding as a passenger in any land or sea conveyance (including private auto, sail boat, taxi etc.), flying as a passenger in any aircraft licensed for passengers or in any company plane, private plane, chartered or other aircraft having a C.F. or N. (standard) air worthiness certificate as well as planes operated by military air transport services, and while walking.

This coverage is available to men and women between the ages of 25 and 70. Premium rate is $1.50 per $1,000, with a minimum of $10,000, for capital sum protection against death and dismemberment. For each $500 of medical expense coverage the annual rate is $6 for the first $500 and $3 for each additional $500. For each $5 of weekly accident indemnity income the rate is 75¢. At these rates a capital sum protection of $20,000 and $500 medical expense protection, would cost $36 a year.

Incidentally, if you want to insure your baggage and personal effects, including those of your wife and unmarried children while on a trip, the premium rate is around $5.60 for $700 coverage for 30 days or less. For 60 days the rate would be $8.40. There is a deductible clause of $15 of each separate claim included and the aggregate value of jewellery, watches, binoculars, cameras and similar articles is limited to 20% of the total sum insured.

STETSON *"Shaped-to-wear"* HATS

The grandest advance in hat-making in years—and it makes hat-*buying* a pleasure! Stetson "Shaped-to-wear" hats are made completely ready to wear *at the factory*. All you have to do is select your style-favourite and wear it—proudly—out of the store! *All* "Shaped-to-wears" incorporate traditional Stetson style and value. P.S.: Of course, you can still buy Stetsons *to be creased* to your taste in the store.

Stetson prices: $9.95, $11.95, $15 and up

Mallory Hats (Canada) Limited — a member of the Stetson Group of Companies —also has its own smart line of "Shaped-to-wear" hats.

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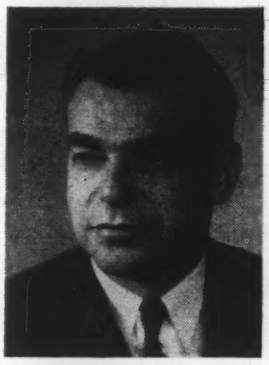
"Shaped-to-wear"

Courage of Conviction

He started on the night shift as a forge worker in Philadelphia twenty five years ago. Today he is president of Canada's largest specialty steel mill. He believes that profit and Christian principles must be linked together in a sound business.

WHEN 49-YEAR-OLD H. George De Young received his Canadian citizenship papers recently he said, "It doesn't take much courage to throw your lot in with a sure bet like Canada".

De Young's confidence in Canada paid off six months ago, when he was appointed President of Atlas Steels Limited in Welland, Ontario—only five years after he had been hired by the company as Works Manager. As boss of Canada's largest specialty steel mill, employing 2,600 people, he is responsible to the company's 10 directors and 6,000 Canadian shareholders. He recently summed up his job as an attempt to "achieve as high a return as possible on the investment in Atlas without forsaking quality or ethics".



George De Young

Born in Grand Haven, Michigan, in 1907, De Young got his first taste of work while he was attending high school; he spent evenings helping his father bake bread and pies for their small bakery. "It didn't take me long to realize that this kind of work wasn't for me".

After graduating from high school he attended Michigan State University, but dropped out after one year because "it was too expensive". Still determined to get an education, he applied to the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis as a candidate in 1927. After two attempts at the difficult entrance examinations he was accepted. Four years later he graduated at 24, as an Ensign with a B.Sc. degree. After two years in the U.S. Navy, he left the service and decided to enter the steel industry because "I had always been interested in metallurgy and engineering".

In 1931 he joined the Midvale Co. in Philadelphia as a night-shift laborer in the forge department. A rapid series of promotions followed, and by 1942 he was Superintendent of the Shell Department engaged in making armor-piercing projectiles. In this capacity he received an award from the U.S. Government for research and development. Five years later he was appointed Works Engineer. Shortly afterwards, he joined the Treadwell Engineering Co. as Assistant to the President. He stayed there three years, then joined Atlas Steel as Works Manager.

During the five years he has been at Atlas, De Young has served as Vice President in charge of operations, Executive Vice President and Company Director. Last April, the ex-forge worker became President of the company.

He shies away from discussing his rapid rise in the company — "I'm president, that's all that matters now". He prefers to talk about future plans and policies. He is particularly firm about the company's general policy of profits "compatible with firm Christian principles". During his first address as President at a mass meeting he said, "Perhaps you are not accustomed to hearing Christian principles and return on investment discussed together — but to me they must go together". He makes it a point to keep close contact with employees by touring the plant twice a week, "if my other bosses allow me the time". He meets once a month with plant supervisors and union executives and holds mass meetings twice a year.

When De Young leaves his office at 6 p.m. he drives (a 1956 Lincoln) to his modern ten-room ranch-style bungalow in Fonthill, a town six miles from Welland.

Although he says "I haven't the time I would like for reading and hobbies", he manages to do a little gardening and trains his Labrador dogs for retrieving trials on week-ends. He attends church every Sunday.

He set a precedent this summer by taking a holiday—something he hasn't done for ten years. Accompanied by his wife and younger son, he chartered a tramp steamer and cruised from Welland to Newfoundland, stopping off here and there to "visit customers and do a little business."

George De Young feels that the company's future looks bright (1955 net profit after taxes was $2,090,992). Meanwhile he is urging each department to "work for our common goal . . . to make Atlas the best organization in the world".

"all under one Roof"

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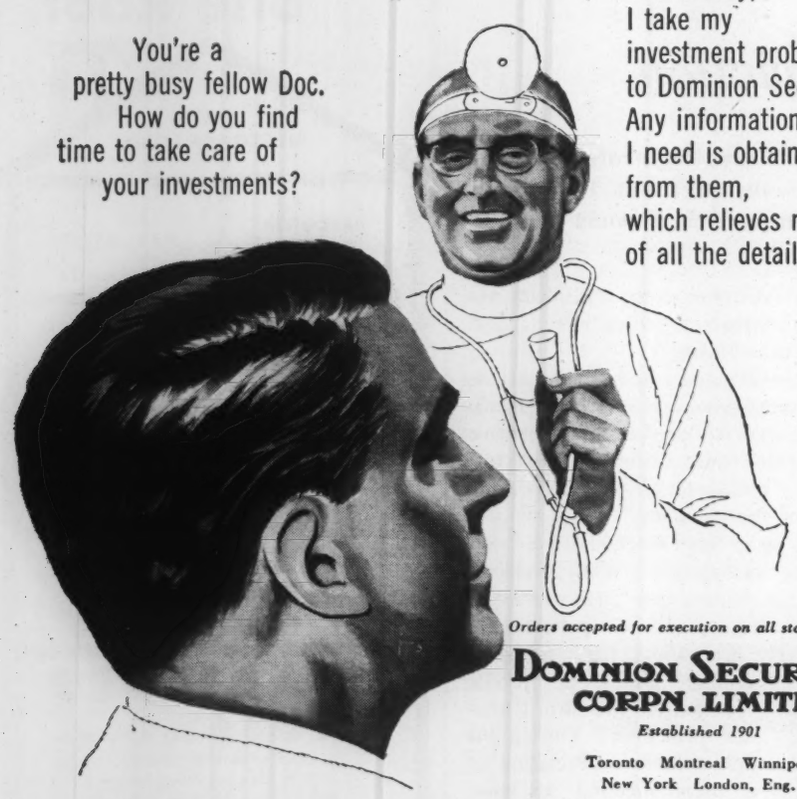

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LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for quarter ending November 30, 1956 has been declared on the Capital stock of the Company as follows:

First Preference Shares, Cumulative Redeemable Series "A"	37½ cents per share
Second Preference Shares	51½ cents per share
Common Shares	51½ cents per share

The dividend will be payable December 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at close of business on the 7th day of November, 1956. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, October 22, 1956.

LOBLAW COMPANIES LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for quarter ending November 30, 1956 has been declared on the Capital stock of the Company as follows:

Preferred Shares Cumulative Redeemable	60 cents per share
Class "A" Shares	10 cents per share
Class "B" Shares	10 cents per share

The dividend will be payable December 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at close of business on the 7th day of November, 1956. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, October 22, 1956.

Gold & Dross

International Pete

Is International Petroleum still drilling wells? How are they getting along financially?—G.H.T., Oil Springs.

It certainly is drilling, and it would appear to have ample cash for its exploration and other activities. Annual report for 1955 showed working capital of some $122 million, up from $103 million at the end of 1954.

International Petroleum recently acquired participations in new concessions in Venezuela as it, and other oil companies, rushed into the country in an effort to find oil. Venezuela and other South American nations are attracting world oil concerns because of the difficulties at Suez and the obvious danger of counting on politically-vulnerable Middle East oil. Canada, also, is caught up in this rush for reserves in the western hemisphere.

This member of the Standard Oil (NJ) family is in the forefront of the South American rush and could well be a leading beneficiary from any disruption at Suez. International Petroleum would likely be called on to supply a major portion of Europe's oil shortage that would result from a Suez breakdown.

Bowater Common

Will you kindly explain why Bowater common stock purchased on the Canadian market with good Canadian money is issued in English pound certificates, with dividends coming through in sterling. This was bought as a Newfoundland stock.—B. T., Montreal.

You made a mistake in buying Bowater common as a Newfoundland stock. It isn't. Bowater is a U.K. organization with many plants in Britain and other parts of the world. It has a subsidiary, Bowater Corp. of North America, which handles operations in Canada and the U.S. through other subsidiaries including Bowater's Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Mills.

If you had wanted an interest in the North American end of operations you could have purchased a preferred issue of Bowater of North America.

Mind, there is nothing wrong with paying "good" Canadian money for a sterling security. Many Canadians recently have been stepping into overseas securities. Money and investment are universal.

Your inquiry does illustrate how important it is for an investor to know exactly what he is doing. Fortunately, Bowater is a sound industrial giant. But there are many people who will buy any highly-speculative stock on the basis of

a "hot tip" without looking into what they are buying. No housewife buys a washing machine without being certain that it will wash clothes.

Of course, you can always sell your Bowater since there are Canadian dealers who maintain a market. Recent market price in Canadian funds for the sterling security you hold has been $5.45-$5.65.

Placer Development

I notice that Placer Development made a $10 million profit compared with $2 million, but this doesn't seem to budge the price from $12 to $14. Does it lack a sponsor?—W. J., Cannington.

You could hardly class Placer among the type of mining securities that require a "sponsor" to push their price up. Placer is a well-established holding company with three main operating mining and oil subsidiaries.

However, in examining last year's results which show that sudden jump in profits, the investor must not be misled into thinking that a $10 million profit level is permanent.

This large amount and increase is the result of an extraordinary dividend by one of its subsidiaries. This dividend consisted largely of tax-paid surplus and is non-recurring. It was a special amount in a special year and the investor who thinks the stock should be selling at higher levels on the basis of profits is making a mistake.

Your question again shows the importance of looking behind available information. An investor could well follow the rule of asking "why" every time he notices a major change in a balance sheet. And companies could explain to shareholders why changes have occurred.

George Weston B

I bought 100 shares of George Weston B at $37 and it is now selling at $18-$19. Am wondering if I should take my medicine—H. P. A., Toronto.

That loss in market value is steep. The action of Weston's shares from the time you bought them illustrates that even so-called "blue chips" can cost money. Your $37 price is about the top that the B stock hit since Weston's was re-organized late in 1955.

Undoubtedly your purchase came at a time when public enthusiasm over this food-industry giant was at a peak. But the investor who rides with the pack places himself in a vulnerable position. Weston's attracted a lot of attention because it was in the throes of a major change. Rumors of all sorts were circulating, fanning speculative activity and interest. Now the changes have been made.

Weston's is one of the biggest organizations in the North American food in-

Daddy's buying me a Canada Savings Bond!

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THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share on the Series "A" 4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares and a dividend of fifty-six and one quarter cents (56¼c) on the Series "B" 4½% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending December 31, 1956 payable January 2, 1957 to shareholders of record November 30, 1956.

By Order of the Board.

R. R. MERIFIELD,
Secretary.

Montreal, October 22, 1956

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 277 and Bonus

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of **forty-five cents** per share for the current quarter, and a bonus of twenty-five cents per share for the year ending November 30, 1956 upon the outstanding capital stock of this bank have been declared payable at the bank and its branches on and after Saturday, the 1st day of December, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of October, 1956; shares not fully paid for by the 31st day of October, 1956 to rank for the purpose of the said dividend to the extent of the payments made on or before that date on the said shares respectively.

By Order of the Board.

K. M. SEDGEWICK,
General Manager.

Montreal, October 22, 1956

ALUMINIUM LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

On October 17th, 1956, a quarterly dividend of sixty cents per share in U.S. currency was declared on the no par value shares of this Company payable December 5th, 1956 to shareholders of record at the close of business November 2nd, 1956.

Montreal *JAMES A. DULLEA*
Oct. 17th, 1956 *Secretary*

SIMPSONS, LIMITED

COMMON SHARES

Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of twelve and one-half cents (12½c.) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable December 15, 1956 to shareholders of record as at the close of business on November 15, 1956.

The transfer books will not be closed.

By order of the Board.

Frank Hay,
Secretary and Treasurer

Toronto, October 19, 1956.

dustry. But the fever of speculative buying has died down. The Weston organization is continuing operations and the glamorous rumors and stories have ended. The company's shares must now be assessed as an out-and-out investment. This is important to keep in mind on any venture into the market. Consider the real value of a potential purchase. Long-term investment must ignore speculation and must concentrate on what is known and what is fact.

For example, in the case of the Weston organization, dividends are at the rate of 30 cents a share annually. And this rate was set in May this year, long after you paid $37. But even assuming that when you bought the B shares you could count on a 30-cent annual rate, the return on your money would be less than 1%. And at recent market levels, the return is less than 2%.

How can George Weston shares then be considered an investment? The earning power of money put in these shares is slight. Canada Savings Bonds with 3¼% return and better are more attractive as straight investments.

Many holders of Weston shares look at earning power and future growth prospects. Recent reports have indicated that the earning power of the many firms in which George Weston has an interest (direct and indirect) is somewhere around $2.70 a share on Weston's. But it is most unlikely that any major portion of this earning power will be available to Weston's shareholders in the form of dividends for some time. The whole organization has embarked on major expansions in both Canada and the U.S. and every cent available is being ploughed back into the business.

The moral: Look before you leap. And don't jump into the water with everybody else. It gets crowded and confused and you might drown.

Gunnar

Would you give me a report on what you think of Gunnar?—G. W. C., Ottawa.

Gunnar, as you undoubtedly know, is the first of the big uranium mines to get a government contract covering sale of uranium concentrates at premium prices. The difficulty in assessing this and other uranium issues is the lack of information resulting from government security.

But there are some crumbs of information which make the Gunnar picture look interesting for the investor.

The company recently reported a profit of $1 a share over the first six-months of full commercial production of uranium concentrates. This means the mine is making money and is well on the way after going through a break-in period.

Also, the investor should keep in mind that Gunnar is expanding its mill capacity by 32% and has received assurances from Ottawa that its additional production will be bought at premium prices. Gunnar's original contract called for sale of some $76 million worth of uranium to March 31, 1962. This contract was set up to allow paying for the Gunnar plant and a "fair" profit.

Now, with the additional material available for sale and assurance of a market, it appears likely that Gunnar will do even better than had been expected. However, negotiations are still underway covering this additional contract.

At about $20, the stock is selling near its high for the year and is up from a $15.25 low. Generally, uraniums have been depressed in the market until some investment buying appeared recently.

We would be tempted to class Gunnar as having investment merit were it not for the fact that there is a dearth of information on which to base a carefully-considered opinion. Certainly, for anyone who feels uranium mining is growing, it has attractive prospects.

One of the key problems is to calculate how uranium will grow. Opinions are conflicting on whether there will be any major demand for uranium after government contracts expire. It may be that existing uranium mines will have a lengthy belt-tightening period until large-scale commercial markets are developed.

In Brief

Are any of these stocks active—Klondike Gold Quartz Mines, Weymarn Petroleums, Bayonne Consolidated, Natural Gas Development, Reno Gold, Pacific Eastern, Alberta Pacific Consolidated?—G. S., Victoria.

Only Pacific Eastern and Alberta Pacific, trading at 13 cents and 45 cents respectively. Others have disappeared.

Any information available on Centrecour Gold Mines, May-Spiers Gold, Siscoe Extension Gold?—A. A., London.

Disappeared.

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Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

"WHAT'S A TENDER?" asked Pete, and his father had to explain the main features of this useful device.

The boy seemed to follow it all, and then left the room muttering to himself. He was soon back, however. "Those old rose standards you want dug up! I'll tender the job."

"Okay, son!" his father laughed. "What's your offer?"

Pete was ready. "I want a quarter for each," he said. "There's more than two dozen, and I'll do the lot in two hours."

"Accepted!" chuckled his father. "But you'll pay a penalty if you exceed the two hours." He paused a moment, wanting to be fair. "For the first minute over the time you'll pay a penny, for the second minute two cents, for the third minute three cents and so on: and part of a minute counts as a minute."

And so Pete started, his father checking the time carefully. When the boy had finished he agreed that a net amount of $3.47 was due to him for the job. There weren't as many as fifty, but we *would* like to know how many of those standards he dug up. (35)

Answer on page 46.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

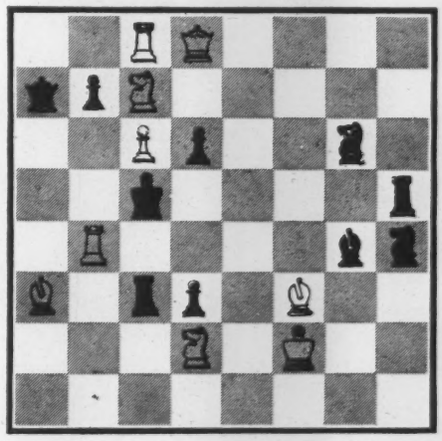
OFF TO THE side of the change-mate, we have a modern two-move idea called the Rukhlis theme. In this there are no change-mates, but the mates provided for certain black moves occur after other black defenses in the solution. The progressive Italian composer Ottavio Stocchi has an economical example, and a subtle one by J. Buchwald of the U.S.A. is given below.

Solution of Problem 152.

Key-move 1.Q-K7, threatening 2.QxKt mate. If Kt-Q6 (correction move); 2.BxP mate. If Kt else (random moves); 2.Kt-B3 mate. If RxQ; 2.KtxP mate.

In the initial position we have set Kt-K5; 2.Kt-B3 mate, and Kt else; 2.BxP mate. The theme play in solution is both reciprocal changed play and correction play to this.

Problem No. 153, by J. Buchwald. White mates in two



By Their Fruits -----

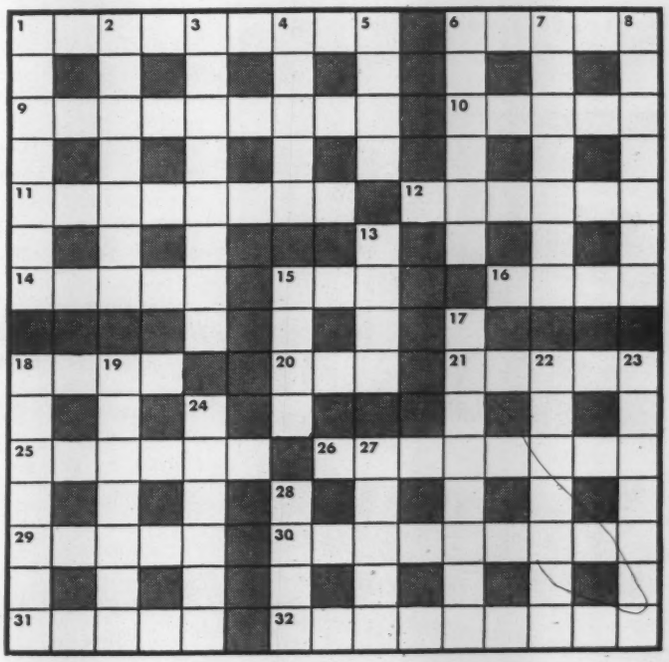
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 See 1D.
6 { Woman goes bereft of woes,
{ To get the fruit, do you suppose? (5)
9 It's care I'm taking over this day. (9)
10 She made an entry in her daily diary. (5)
11 See 29.
12 's Dilemma makes a dramatic one to 30. (6)
14 The backward head of 9 will work at it. (5)
15 The case of the de-tailed 15D. (3)
16 Timely 12 to plums that are half green. (4)
18 See 1D
20 A 29 was William Tell's. And it had to be good! (3)
21 If you've made a mistake in this answer, you have and you haven't. (5)
25 Nectar is made from it. (6)
26 Badly bit in bed by fleas when Alf left, so out they go! (3-5)
29, 11. Just so, this might be a-la-mode. (5-3, 5)
30 See 1D.
31 I sell thread. (5)
32 See 8.

DOWN

1, 1A, 30, 18A. Despite this M.D.s still recommend 29s. (2, 5, 1, 3, 5, 3, 6, 4)
2 Wearing these, one goes with abandon, by the sound of it. (7)
3 These birds sound like part of an orchestral section. (8)
4 'Enry 'Iggins didn't tell the truth! (5)
5 It raises an issue. (4)
6 Water the fruit and they'll be larger. (6)
7 He's always doing it, the dumb yes-man! (7)
8, 32. Is it playing the game to squeeze them? (7, 3, 6)
13, 24. We bet they never gave a 29, 11 after leaving the garden. (4, 3, 3)
15 The shape of Pearl before she reached fifty. (4)
17 Mother's looking different since taking E here. (4, 4)
18 Used in manufacturing armored planes? (3, 4)
19 One who does has taking ways. (7)
22 Dirt, too, is disturbed by this Italian entertainment. (7)
23 Sandy runs out on them! (7)
24 See 13.
27 But this fruit of the South Seas isn't the toast of the land. (5)
28 Change for a ten may a-mount to this. (4)



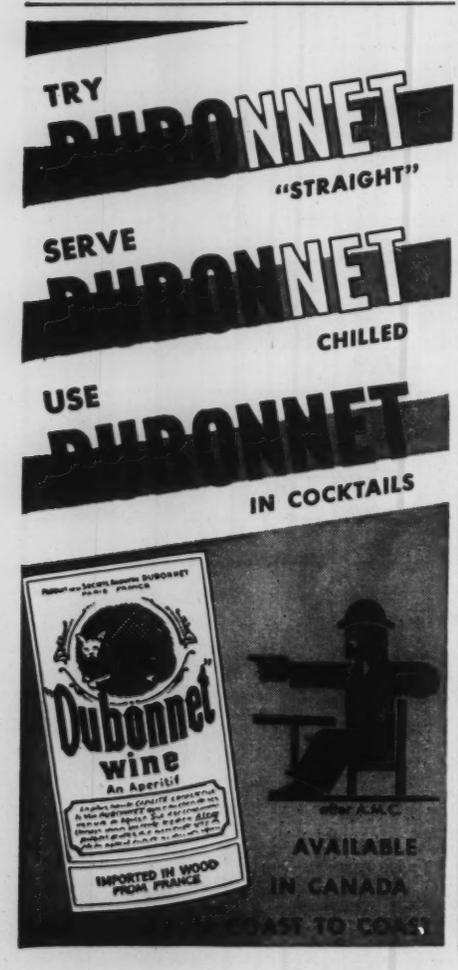
Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 Dior
3 A fat chance
10 Nothing
11 Entrant
12 Overcrowd
13 Dream
14 Bastions
16 Tattoo
19 Dodger
21 Horrible
24 Inset
26 Enclosure
29 Devotee
30 Shorten
31 New Zealand
32 Eros

DOWN

1 Dingo
2 Outlets
4 Foghorns
5 Treads
6 Hated
7 Nearest
8 Extempore
9 Disc
14 Bedridden
15 Ice
17 Air
18 Moccasin
20 Disavow
22 Bluster
23 Repeal
25 Title
27 Odor
28 Ernes (402)



Letters

School System

Congratulations to Mr. Hall on his article on the schools and to you for publishing it. More than 40 years of experience as pupil and teacher in "the best educational system in Canada" compels me to endorse every word he has written. Many of the trustees I have met are ignorant of the means and ends of education, cannot recognize the stupefying dullness of many of the text books now in use, and cannot discriminate between the teachers who are intelligent and enthusiastic and those who are marking time waiting for their pensions.

There is one reform I should like to add to those suggested by Mr. Hall—smaller schools and more of them, and, of course smaller classes. The conditions now prevailing in our sprawling factories of education are such that only madly dedicated men and women are attracted to the wretched career of school teaching.

KINGSTON, ONT. C. J. VINCENT

Mistaken Meaning

In your issue of October 13th, Mr. J. L. Ross of Toronto has mistaken my meaning in my reference to the heroes of the novels of John Buchan. My complaint against them was not that they were brave, patriotic and chivalrous, but that they used these virtues to cover up action of a type that was most undesirable; they took the law into their own hands, beating up and even killing people whom they disliked, exactly as the tough heroes of modern detective stories do.

The Buchan type of hero is also to be found in the Bulldog Drummond stories and in the novels of Dornford Yates, and he is, in essence, a Fascist bully. I refer Mr. Ross to the extremely interesting study of this type in a book called *Clubland Heroes,* by Richard Usborne, reviewed in SATURDAY NIGHT issue of January 2nd, 1954.

PETERBOROUGH, ONT. ROBERTSON DAVIES

Youngest President

I am wondering if you consider the Maritime Provinces as part of Canada, since in your article on the President of Carleton College you state that "he is the youngest academic head in Canada".

Dr. Colin B. Mackay, President of the oldest university in Canada—the University of New Brunswick—is five years President Bissell's junior.

FREDERICTON EDITH G. MCLEOD

Editor's note: Our apologies to the Maritimes and President Mackay. Writer Irving got misled by an inaccurate reference that put six years on Dr. Mackay's age.

Church Music

As usual, I enjoyed Robertson Davies' last contribution to your periodical as much as anything that I read in any magazine . . . I feel, however, that he has sacrificed truth for an epigram when he says "we shall hope next to hear fugues even in those last strongholds of really bad music, the churches".

Come now, Mr. Davies, this is unworthy of you! . . . We frequently perform fugues, both vocal and instrumental. Nor is my church a "voice crying in the wilderness" . . .

Admittedly the standard of music in many churches is still regrettably low. Sometimes the organist is at fault—but he is usually underpaid or not paid at all. Sometimes the resources of the church are small and the music is of necessity of a very elementary type. Sometimes the minister or congregation insists on concessions to bad taste. But during the eight years I have spent in this country I have noticed a steady improvement in the standard of church music . . .

MONTREAL CHRISTOPHER GLEDHILL

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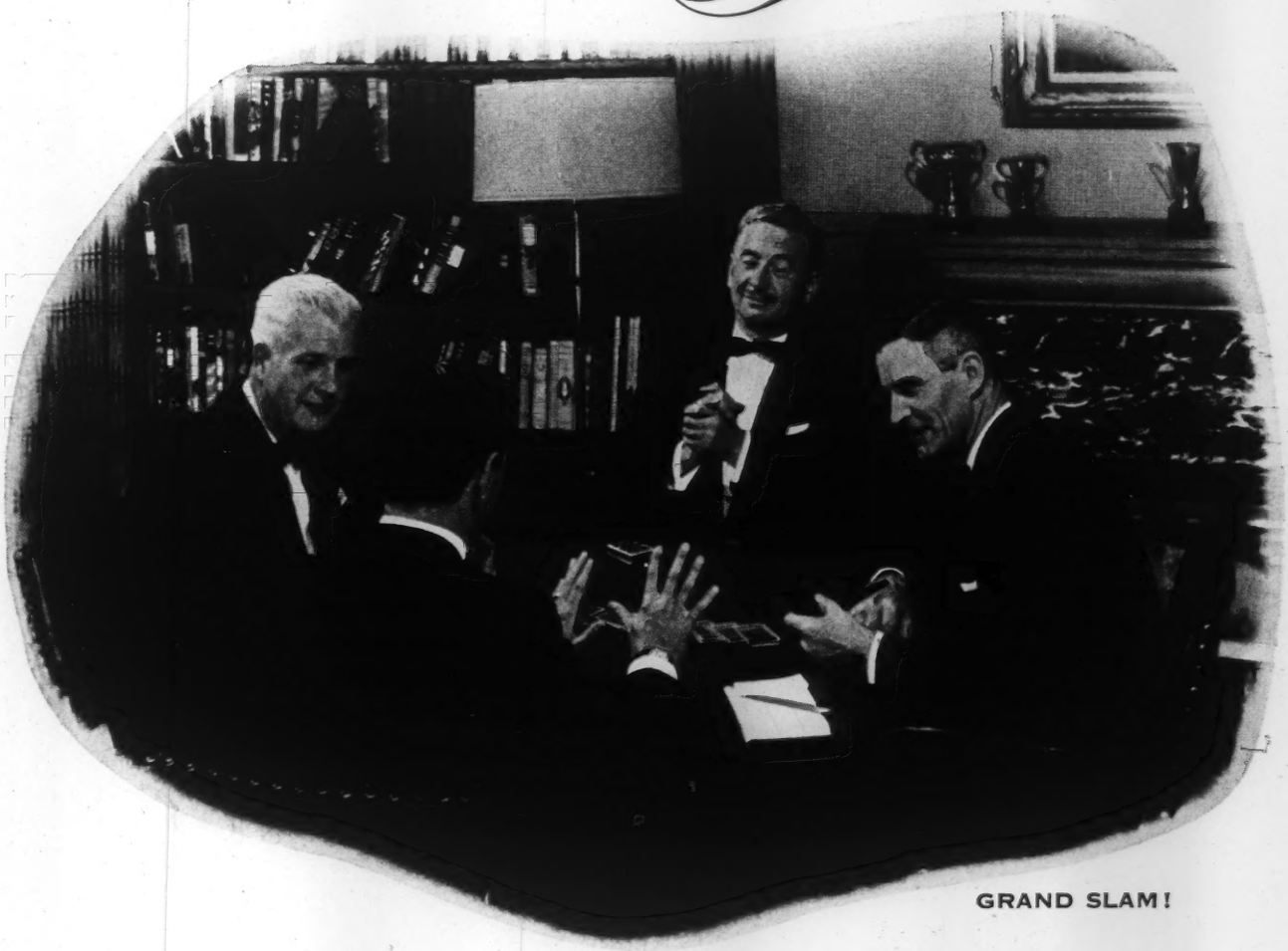

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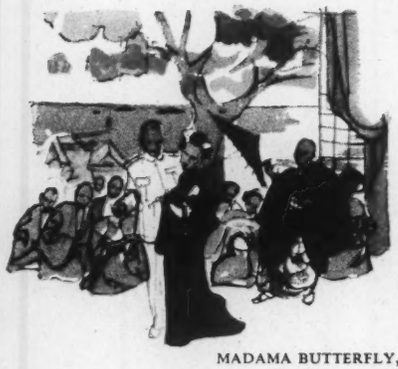

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LOHENGRIN, *Belgium*

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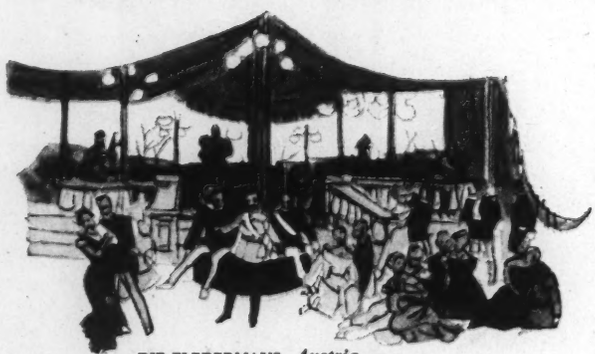

DIE FLEDERMAUS, *Austria*

Famous operas and the countries in which the plots are located